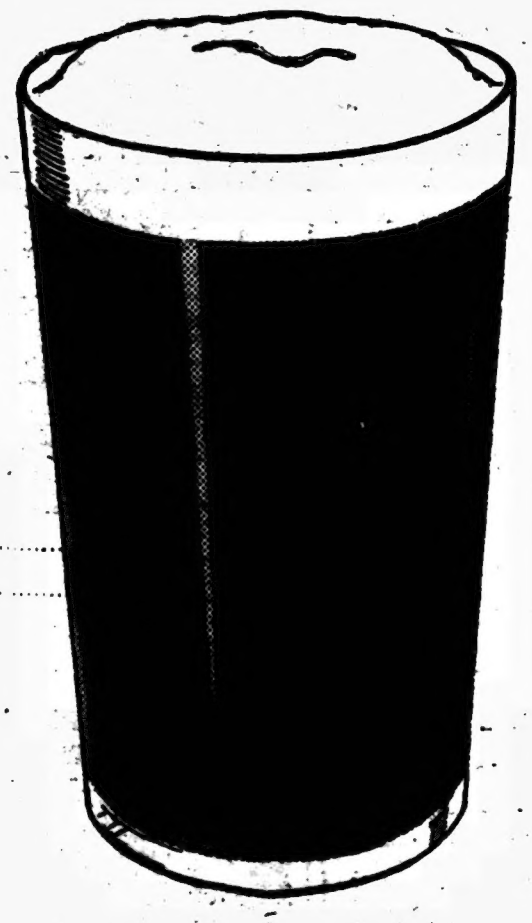
JOHN BULL, MARCH 4, 1933

TWOPENCE
Vol. LIII.
1394.

LAND OF THE RED DEATH SEE PAGES 22 and 23

JOHN BULL

You've had something worth drinking when you've had a GUINNESS



Order Guinness for the Home regularly and in small quantities—a week's supply at a time. Stand in a moderately cool place.

G.E.322.B.

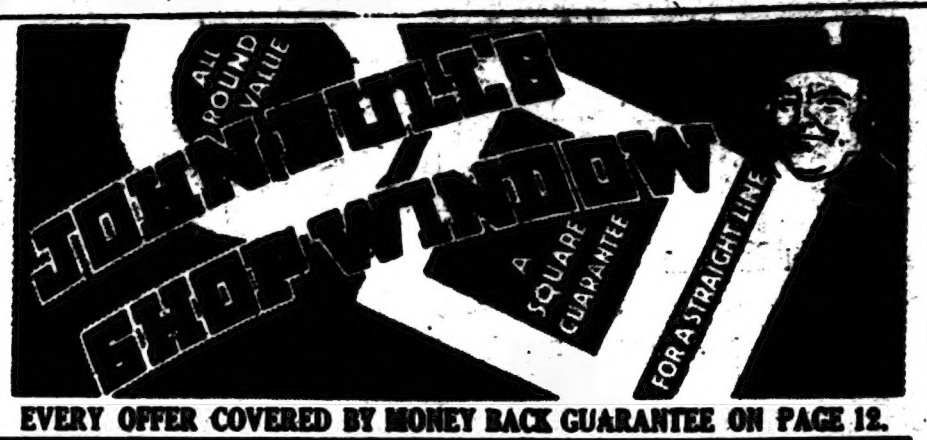
A NOVICE CAN ERECT.

Sent carriage paid. Complete ready for use. 6 sections to bolt together. ½-in. planed matched weatherboards. Planed framing. Roofing felt. Useful for storage, cycles, workshops, etc. Prompt dispatch on first payment. Balance monthly if satisfied.

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash Sale Price.		
6ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	£1.17.6	or	2/3 Monthly.
8ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	£2.11.6	or	4/6 Monthly.
10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	£3.12.6	or	6/3 Monthly.

Carr. paid. **Send for Special Sale Catalogue No. 46** of Sheds 26/-, Garages 79/-, Army Huts, etc. Huge reductions. 1,500 sizes and designs. Delivery to door arranged anywhere.

J. THORN & SONS, Ltd. (Box 46) Brampton Rd., Bexleyheath, Kent.



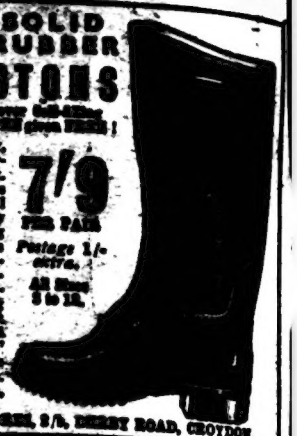
EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 12.

26/- SOLID RUBBER WELLINGTONS

FREE! Superior Lever Self-filling FOUNTAIN PEN given FREE.

Ideal for Farming, Fishing, Shooting, Garage and Stable-wear. Hard-grade Wellingtons at less than half original price. Superior in quality and finish to any being offered below 35/-. Knee length, with triple re-inforced ankle and instep, extra thick non-slip sole, warm lining throughout. Finest quality rubber with dull black finish. LADIES' WELLINGTONS, sizes 3 to 7, per pair 9/-. DEP BOOTS, all sizes, 15/-, post 1s. extra.

7/9 PER PAIR. Postage 1/- extra. All Sizes 3 to 12.



J. B. CROYDON STORES, 2/b, DERBY ROAD, CROYDON.

LEARN to PLAY NOW

PAY 15/- CASH 1933 MODEL

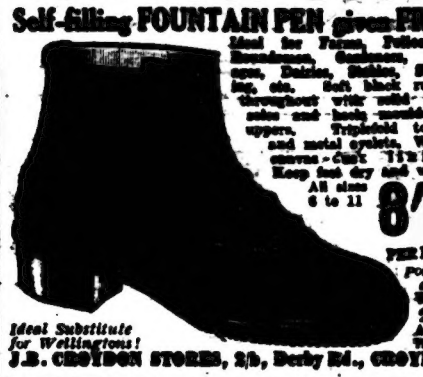
AND SAVE MONEY (Postage 9d. extra)

A TUNER GIVEN FREE with this outfit

Be the most popular boy or girl this summer. With the special tutor you can easily learn. This Ukulele Banjo is fitted with special resonator which doubles volume. Complete with plectrum, tutor and superb black case. Well worth 35/-. Has very rich tone. Send to-day for immediate delivery. A Tuner free with each outfit. Cheaper model 10/6, postage 9d. Best & Co. (J.B.), 1, Gerrard Street, London, W.1.

WETPROOF BOOTS

Self-filling FOUNTAIN PEN given FREE



Ideal for Farm, Policeman, Handyman, Gardener, Garage, Dairies, Stables, Shooting, etc. Soft black rubber throughout with solid thick sole and heel, moulded to uppers. Triple-fold tongue and metal eyelets. Warm canvas-cuff lining. Keep feet dry and warm. All sizes 6 to 11

8/6 PER PAIR post pd. extra Worth 21/- All Welsh

Ideal Substitute for Wellingtons!

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Scrap understraps

AND HALL OR OVAL FRONTED PADS.

The Greatest Rupture Discovery of Modern Times.

The 1933 Blunden Rupture Appliance entirely does away with understraps. It is a cleverly designed elastic belt with the famous Blunden scientifically shaped pads, suspended in such a skilful manner that the Rupture, no matter how severe, is held gently and firmly—giving great comfort and security, particularly to the lowest and weakest part of the Rupture. If insured obtain through your Approved Society. Don't delay. Write now for full particulars, or call and try this marvellous new invention on seven days' FREE TRIAL.

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FROM 5/3

Per Month DELIVERED ON FIRST PAYMENT

THAT SHED You Need

For storing Tools, Garden Implements, Cycles. Built in 4 sections, easily erected. Extra heavy weight. 25 per cent. more timber used. 20 years wear. Not cheapest but easily best, value! CARRIAGE PAID (Floors extra.)

Long	Wide	High	Cash	or 12 payments of
6ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	£5 17 6	5/3
6ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	£6 7 6	6/-
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BIG CATALOGUE of Portable Buildings FREE.

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A BABY EXPECTED

BE PREPARED

THE NEW '75'

LONG or SHORT LAVETTE

Beautiful Christening Robes, Robe Slip, Afternoon Gowns, Night-gowns, Mat. Coats, Carrying Shawl, Vests, Back Flannels, large Terry Nape, Pitches and other articles needed for baby's birth.

"The 75" Garment Layette to SEND For Parcel on approval, balance Cash or Terms. 30/- 2/-

Mrs. D. STURGESS, 67, Billing Rd., NORTHAMPTON.

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The College which gives real help is The Bennett College. Tuition by post on all branches of Engineering, Civil, Electrical, Mechanical, Motor and all examinations, Accountancy, Secretarial, Civil Service, Police, Commercial Art, etc. We specialise in all Institute examinations.

Write to us on any subject. Our advice on all careers, and the possibilities of employment therein Free. You will be under no obligation whatever.

THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., Dept. 92, SHEFFIELD.

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MODERN SHORT LENGTHS, or USUAL LONG-CLOTHES **30/-**

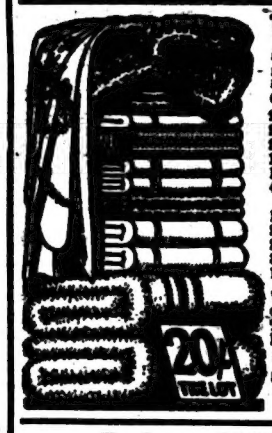
(Everything necessary and ready for use.)

76 beautiful garments (for Winter or Summer Baby), Silk and Wool Shawl, Bath, Robes, Layers or Wincey, Day Gowns, Vests, Pins, or Wincey Robes, Wincey Vests, Bands, Flannels, Shoulder-Capes, Wool Matinee Coats, Blankets, Feeders, Linen Tuck Napkins, etc.

PURCHASERS Write: "Highly satisfied." "Pleased my highest hopes." "Excellent materials and make." "A bargain! I shall certainly recommend." "Worth 40/," Etc.

SEND **2/-** FOR PARCEL ON APPROVAL (Cash or Terms) Mrs. J. S. Sherwell, 68, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

THE WONDER SALE!



Improved contents, improved quality—but price the same. Carr. Free 10/-. Cash or C.O.D.

2 Woolly Blankets	60 x 70
2 Good Bolton Sheets	60 x 90
2 White Pillow Slips	20 x 30
1 White Bolster Case	20 x 36
1 Willow Pat. Bedspread.	
4 piece Willow Pattern Bedroom Set to match.	
1 Printed Cushion Cover.	
2 Coloured Turkish Towels.	
2 Chamois Polishers.	
2 Dainty Handkerchiefs.	
1 Lady's Printed Overall.	

Wedded Down Quilt free, also (if cash with order) Damask Table Cloth or pair Art. Silk Rose (state choice).

Satisfaction or money back.

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ALL-WEATHER LIZARD SHOES

Simply to advertise our name we offer you this week these all-weather shoes at the advertising price of 4/3. Hard-wearing rubber soles moulded to a web-reinforced upper of Imitation Lizard finish, with a neat Gibson tie and smart Cuban heel. These are as smart as shoes costing double, and will give months of service.

Black, Grey or Tan.

4/3 Post of 1 or 2 pairs 6d. | or C.O.D.

Black, Grey or Tan, sizes 3 to 7. An all-weather shoe recommended for smart wear.

Send for a pair now; money back guarantee.

NUTTALL, 1, Goodmayes, Ilford.

A 15/- FREE GIFT COUPON

HERE is a chance to save shopkeepers' profits. Hundreds of Cycles of all kinds, many fitted with Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear and Dunlop tyres. Approval willingly, carriage paid. As an advertisement a 15/- Free Gift Coupon will be given to all who Write for my FREE CATALOGUE

Chas. H. Robey & Co. CYCLE WAREHOUSE, 22 to 24, COVENTRY

YOURS FOR 3/-

A compact, highly efficient receiver of Modern design, completely equipped with 3 B.V.M.A. Valves, Ever-Ready Batteries and Jelly acid Accumulator and 4-Pole Speaker, in Walnut Cabinet. All-metal chassis, transformer coupled Circuit; Selectivity and Tone quality, an English and Foreign Stations. Almost unbelievable Value! THE ALL-BRITISH

Complete with Loud Speaker, ready to play.

Cash Price 24 6s.—or 3/- with Order; next payment 10/- and 6 monthly payments of 12/-

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Send for Catalogue of Other Lines.

F. J. CARTWRIGHT · LTD · 157 · STRAND · W.C.2

Reduce *YOUR* High BLOOD PRESSURE

Rejuvenate YOUR Arteries. Strengthen YOUR Heart.

COME OFF the Danger List.

Avoid Blood Pressure Breakdowns! Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration, and makes you 20 years younger within 20 days. Get it NOW.

(Prescription No. 1108/T). Prices: 2/6, 5/6, 15/6.

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd., (Dept. J.B. 22), 49, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

EXTRA COMFY HOUSESHOES

FOUNTAIN PEN (Lever Self-filling type) FREE with each order!

Just the thing for wear in the house or garden. Perfectly finished with solid rubber heels, soles, and flexible rubber uppers with Patent Leather appearance, but infinitely more comfortable. A more comfortable shoe does not exist. Ideal for those troubled with tender feet, corns, bunions, etc.

Get a pair to-day and know what foot comfort really is. Sizes 3 to 7. FEE PAIR

2/6

Also Fashion Shoe with Cuban heel, one bar or lace 3/6.

Postage on one or two pairs, 9d. extra. Children's size 2, per pair 1/6

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(Carriage Paid).

196-page Gardeners' and Poultry Keepers' Guide and Illustrated List Free.

Garden Frames from 45/-

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Send in unsealed envelope (½d. stamp).

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£100 IN PRIZES IN THE GREAT "READICUT" RUG-MAKING COMPETITION

FREE RUG BOOK containing 32 coloured designs, SAMPLES & PRICE LIST of WOOLS and details of competition, etc., POST FREE. Send a P.C. (1½d. stamp) to

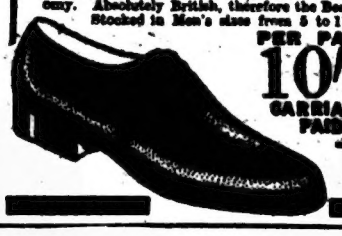
READICUT WOOL Co.

Dept. J.B., OSSETT, Yorks.

AFTER FIRST PAYMENT WE DELIVER!

A SAMPLE OF "POPULAR" CLUB VALUE.

Model No. 261.—Hard-wearing Uppers of Brown Grained Hide, Solid Leather Insole, Storm Welt, Whole Lift Heels and Stout Outer Sole of the New Double Wearing, Non-slip, Wet Resisting "Sportide" Leather. The Shoe for Health, Comfort and Economy. Absolutely British, therefore the Best. Stocked in Men's sizes from 5 to 11.



PER PAIR **10/-** CARRIAGE PAID

Read this straightforward offer to Club Agents and Members.

"Popular" Club Members get stupendous value and service second to none. NO TWENTY WEEKS' WAITING! We supply footwear, clothing, drapery, furniture and household goods, etc., at wholesale prices on practically CREDIT TERMS. CLUB AGENTS WANTED. BIG COMMISSION AND BONUS. Write NOW for catalogue and particulars of this amazing offer to:—

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NO MORE DISTURBED NIGHTS

Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Incontinence, Constipation, Gall Stones, with associated Gout, Sciatica, Gravel, Scalding and constant getting up nights are quickly relieved by the bloodless surgery of the Shadforth "Bladder Comforter." Immediately, all day and all night, painlessly, secretly, and without the loss of one drop of blood or one hour of employment, they get to work. They cleanse, cool and heal. They move what is harmful. You are restored. Don't worry. Shadforth will give you prompt relief. Get it Now!

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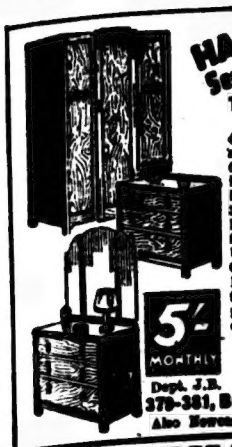

THE "HALF PRICE" OAK BEDROOM SUITE.

4 ft. Wardrobe fitted hat shelves and 2 rods with sliding hooks (centre revolving hook); 3 ft. Dressing Table with 3 frameless mirrors and 3 deep drawers; 2-ft. three-drawer Linen Chest. Heavy construction; finished deep Brown. Usual price 17 gns. CASH SALE PRICE 8½ GNS. Packed and sent Free to any address except I.F.S. Send post-card for FREE Brochure of Furniture Bargains.

5/- MONTHLY

HARDY'S

Dept. J.B. 379-381, Brixton Road, Brixton, S.W.9. Also Newcastle-on-Tyne and Stockton-on-Tees.

ALL THE RAGE!

THE NEW ROLL COLLAR Close Fitting PULLOVER

Superior Lever Self-filling FOUNTAIN PEN given FREE.

Beautifully made from warm, cosy woollen material with double roll collar, close fitting ribbed cuffs and waistband. As now worn for general winter wear. Sports, Walking, Farming, Hiking, etc. Suitable for men and women.

3/6 EACH By post 6d. extra.

Supplied in the following popular colours:— Dark Blue, Maroon, Fawn, Grey, Bottle. State chest measure and colour when ordering.

Also supplied in Sleeveless style, each 3/11. By post 6d. extra.

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1,000 ENGLISH BONE CHINA

21 piece Teasets. Beautifully Decorated and finished in Best Gold.

CARRIAGE PAID 12/6 EACH.

BUY DIRECT FROM THE POTTERIES AND SAVE MONEY!!

The Illustration is One of Six Patterns.

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NAVAL BOOTS

SPECIAL OFFER!

Guaranteed brand new, soundly constructed Boots. All-leather, black, fully chromed uppers, extremely pliable for tender feet. Double leather soles, screwed and stitched. Plain fronts or cap, double tongue. Suitable for town or country wear. Sizes 6-12. 6/6, post and packing 1/-.

Also Super Quality ARMY BOOTS, 7/9. Post and packing 1/-.

6/6 Post & Packing 1/-

Satisfaction or cash back. C.O.D. IF PREFERRED.

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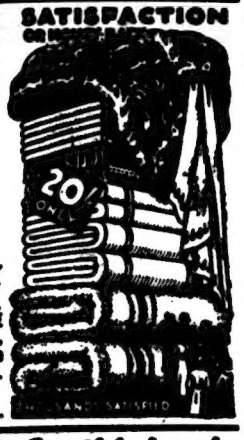
QUILT FREE! SATISFACTION

2 White Woolly Blankets 90x70
2 Bolton Sheets 90x70
2 White Pillow Slips 30x18
1 White Bolster Case 58x20
1 Art Printed Bedspread
4 piece Art Duchess Set
2 Coloured Turkish Towels
1 Pair Art. Silk Hose
1 Smart Cushion Cover
3 Dainty Handkerchiefs
1 Twill Kitchen Cloth
2 Chamois Polishers
Double Bed size.



Direct from our Mill for CARR. FREE. 20/- CASH OR C.O.D. WADDED DOWN QUILT FREE also, if cash with order, choice of Free Damask Table Cloth or Lady's Pkt. Overall.

PATON MILL Co., Dept. B. Paton St., MANCHESTER, 1.

GOLD MEDAL MALT & OIL

the World's Finest Tonic

AT COST PRICES

Build up reserves of health and strength with Edme Malt and Cod Liver Oil, recommended by a leading laboratory as an "excellent tonic food for young and old." Three delightful flavours: Toffee or Lemon and Almond, or Peppermint. 7 lb. tins, 5s. 4 lb. tins, 2s. 3d. Post Free.

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4 lb TIN 3/3 POST FREE

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This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/6, carriage 1/- ex., we will forward Direct from our looms one of our "Prudential" Brussolette REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing, Dining & Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered, in 30 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues, Browns, Rose and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and unsolicited testimonials. With every carpet we absolutely give away a handsome rug to match. *Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Bedding, etc., post free.*

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ONLY 4/6 POST FREE

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The British X.L. Hemstitching and Picoting Attachment, a great new invention that fits any make of sewing machine. Easy and quick to operate. PAYS FOR ITSELF IN TEN MINUTES. Money back if not satisfied.

X.L. SUPPLIES (Dept. 10), 97/99, CHARING CROSS RD., LONDON, W.C.2.

All Materials for this lovely WOOL RUG

3ft x 5ft 8in for only 10/-

The value when made is at least 25/-. No previous experience or particular skill required. The Bargain Parcel consists of 8 lb. Wool Thrums, mixed colours in 2-fold Turkish Wool, Canvas, Rug Machine (delightfully simple to use), Gauge, Book of Colour Charts, and easy-to-follow instructions. Write NOW!

Samples of wool post free on request.

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HERE'S £2 FOR YOU

GOOD Commission and Profit-Sharing Bonus paid to Organisers of 1/- a week "Worldwide" Clubs of 10 or 20 members.

Anyone who knows a few people can run a "Worldwide" Club in their spare time—it is quite easy—no experience or capital required.

You also benefit your friends—they buy at Warehouse prices on the very simple terms of 1/- weekly—Ladies' and Men's wear, Footwear, Crockery and Household goods of every description.

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(*Branch of J. D. Williams & Co., Ltd.—the Great Mail Order House—established 1875.*)

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Send in unsealed envelope — ½d. stamp only required.

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8 SECTIONAL BUILDINGS

Prices again reduced. Buy now before they rise. Carriage Paid.

GARAGES.
10' x 7' £4 5 6
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Planed Rebated Weatherboard.

DEFERRED TERMS ARRANGED.

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No matter where you live, I can fix you up with any kind of wireless set, including Radio-Grams, and guarantee first-class results. All sets sent ON APPROVAL, CARRIAGE PAID. All ready to switch on. Cash or easy terms.

WRITE FOR LISTS NOW

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3 GN. SUITS FOR ONLY 19/6

The most amazing bargain ever offered. Men's stylish lounge suits smartly cut in latest SB or DB style, as illustration from Heavy-weight real English worsteds, in navy blue or dark brown. Neat designs. British made throughout. Perfect fit and finish guaranteed. Send P.O. now for only 19/6, stating chest measure over waistcoat and inside leg measure. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Patterns and catalogue of bargains sent free.

J. D. WIGNER & SONS, LTD. Est. 1897. (Dept. J.1), 15, 17, 19, Goldhawk Road, London, W.12.

NO DEPOSIT 2 AMAZING BARGAINS!!

SOLID SILVER GENT'S WATCH

Guaranteed perfect timekeeper. Specially tested before delivery. Smart SOLID SILVER CASE and handsome figured dial. Strong, double width leather strap. Bargain price while stocks last, 27/6; luminous dial, 29/6. 2/- discount Cash with order.

All watches are fully warranted for 15 years

LADY'S SOLID SILVER WATCH

Same jewelled accurate movement as Gent's Watch. Dainty SOLID SILVER CASE, moire silk band and fancy dial. Wonderful value, 26/-. On solid silver expanding bracelet, 31/6. Send for one of these reliable watches to-day, and see it before you buy—7 days after receipt pay 1/6 and 1/6 fortnightly, 2/- discount Cash with order. *Write for Catalogue.*

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with or without inscriptions, in the latest styles. Cups and plates from 3/3 dozen. 50-person outfits 56/9. Special Safety quality, safety handles, non-chipping edges. Household China at Factory Prices. Hundreds of Canteens, Churches, Schools, and readers of this paper regularly supplied and satisfied. Our 30 years' reputation guarantees satisfaction. Prices reduced. 48-page Catalogue in Colours Free. Send P.C. to-day.

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£4/4/- value for 35/-

ONLY 35/- for EIGHT BLANKETS— an absolutely unheard of price. Guaranteed perfect in quality. Heavy-Weight Imperial Blankets, Bordered and whipped edges. Will wear a lifetime. Send for this Blanket Bale on approval. See the rich quality. There is no doubt that this is ONE OF THE WORLD'S BIGGEST BARGAINS

£4-4-0 VALUE for 35/- Deposit

The Whole Bale of 8 Blankets sent on receipt of the first Deposit of 1/- An Unequalled Offer.

If entirely to your satisfaction balance is payable 2/6 fortnightly until 27/6 is paid. Full cash within seven days, 35/- only.

J. A. DAVIS & CO Dept. J.B 610
94-104 DENMARK HILL CAMBERWELL LONDON S.E.5

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42/- value for

Genuine Offer of Post 1/- or C.O.D.

The Famous 'ADJUTANT' Brand

The finest rubber Riding Boot on the market. Definitely superior to leather, these flexible, waterproof, Cravalry Type Boots with the warm fleecy lining, will retain their smart appearance after months of hard wear. Made by THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER CO., Ltd. (Seconds), Edinburgh, in Bright Black or Bright Brown.

Sizes (Black or Brown) 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12. (12, 2/6 extra).

Equally suitable for the Row, Riding School, Farmer or Yeoman.

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TIMBER FOR GREENHOUSES, GARAGES, SHEDS, etc.

ANY QUANTITY SUPPLIED.

DIRECT FROM IMPORTER TO USER

Battens 1 in. x 1 in. .. .. 1/4 per 100 ft. run
Matchings ½ in. x 4 in. .. 2/10 per 100 ft. run
Weather Boards ½ in. x ½in. x 5in. 3/9 per 100 ft. run

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Style E.
LIGHT-WEIGHT OXFORD SHOE In Black. Welted Soles. *Pointed Toe.*

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GRAFT TOWNS —A WARNING

COMPLAINTS of graft or maladministration in municipal affairs are constantly reaching JOHN BULL. So constantly, in fact, that the question has become a national scandal.

These complaints are not confined to any particular part of the country nor to any particular political Party.

They embrace alike great city corporations whose yearly expenditure runs into millions of pounds and small rural councils whose annual budget totals only a few thousands. And, what is more, they embrace all branches of municipal activity.

The awarding of huge contracts in connection with big industrial enterprises down to the holding of petty posts in the most humble departments are all equally polluted.

In many instances in the past we have been able, after long and painstaking investigation, to establish the facts and bring the searchlight of publicity to bear on the darkness and secrecy in which corruption flourishes.

Not long ago we exposed the scandal in the municipal affairs of Hull, the fourth port in the Kingdom. We showed how one man who occupied one of the highest offices in the city used it for his own gain, and how the ratepayers were mulcted of large sums of money.

IN Newcastle-on-Tyne, too, we disclosed such a situation of hopeless bungling in connection with the past management of its housing schemes that it was well-nigh impossible to find out where the money had gone. We called for a public enquiry into the whole affair—a demand that had the backing of a substantial section of the citizens.

So much for the past; for the administration of affairs in the two great municipalities is now in other hands, and doubtless the utmost is being done to restore and retain the confidence of their citizens.

In other cases where we have investigated complaints of corruption or wasteful inefficiency we have been able to satisfy ourselves that they are only too well founded.

And if, for a variety of reasons, we have not been able to print an exposure in our columns, we have in each case carefully documented the information obtained and preserved it in our files. When we can give it the light of day it will make astounding reading.

We make bold to say that there are both councils and contractors in various parts of the country who, if they could get access to our files, would flee from public life or give up forthwith their ill-gotten contracts.

There is no doubt that the canker of graft is eating deeply into our civic life. We may not yet have our Chicagos, but some of those entrusted with the handling of our municipal government are certainly beginning to copy Chicago methods.

Only the other day one of the magistrates of Glasgow, a man who enjoyed the confidence of the ratepayers to such an extent that they chose

The man who "sells" his town

him to sit in judgment on his fellows, admitted his acceptance of a bribe.

The Glasgow Corporation controls the expenditure of millions of pounds annually, it governs the daily lives of nearly two million citizens. Graft must not be allowed to get a foothold there.

JOHN BULL has evidence that there is a growing tendency for great industrial concerns to descend to bribery to secure contracts. We know of some which have succeeded in flouting the system of competitive tenders for big municipal contracts and have secured important contracts at their own figure.

To do this they have suborned whole sections of the municipality, from councillors down to petty foremen and clerks.

In a famous town, for instance, we found that one of its officials was accepting lavish entertainment and sums of money, which he said were loans, from the representatives of a big concern which was carrying out a huge contract for his department.

The councillor who had control of this particular contract was also accepting favours from the representatives of the company.

We could name many people prominent in municipal affairs who live well, but whose source of income is shrouded in mystery. We know of several who, without private means, have managed to keep extravagant establishments, but who have scarcely ever done a day's work since they were elected to municipal office.

An example of how such people misuse their official positions to benefit at the public expense is furnished by a town in the industrial Midlands, where a councillor, who owned several acres of waste land, had it improved at the public's expense, and subsequently sold it, at its enhanced value, to the same council. In another instance a councillor built a house across a public right-of-way, and his plans were passed by his fellow-councillors without question.

On our black-list are contractors who pay a regular scale of charges to officials in order to secure haulage jobs; councillors who have the properties of their friends under-assessed; men, charged with enforcing the collection of rates, who themselves owe large sums in rates and enjoy rebates and accommodations unknown to ordinary citizens.

We could point to buildings which local citizens behold with pride that are, in reality, monuments of graft. Their location has been dictated by the interests of private individuals, their published specifications secretly ignored and their every brick paying tribute to a ring of grafters.

It is useless to ignore these facts. Graft has dug its talons into the vitals of our civic life. Only by ruthless and drastic action can the monster be slain.

Graft flourishes in secrecy and darkness. Dragged into the light of day, public opinion will kill it.

Wherever the breath of scandal touches their municipal administration citizens must insist on the fullest investigation immediately.

Neither persons nor parties must be spared if our civic life is not to descend to a state of corruption in which honour, integrity and even human life itself is sacrificed to the Moloch of Graft.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

We Don't Want Another Honours Scandal

THE ugly scandal of traffic in honours has once more raised its head.

It did so many times during and after the war. So much so that to satisfy public opinion the Honours (Prevention of Abuses) Act was passed in 1925 to end the scandal, it was hoped, once and for all.

But the Maundy Gregory case has shown that this hidden traffic still exists; for what Gregory can do others can do also.

Full enquiry

That is why investigation into the Gregory case must not end there.

There must be the fullest enquiry into any and every allegation of abuse that reaches official quarters.

And what is more, the public must be satisfied beyond doubt that the Political Honours Scrutiny Committee, set up as a result of the report of the Royal Commission on Honours, is doing its work properly.

Let it act, like JOHN BULL, without fear or favour. Where there is evidence of abuse there must be no whitewashing of high or low.

Clear up doubts

On a plea of "Guilty" the Gregory case was disposed of summarily and speedily.

But for that the public might be a good deal wiser than it is about what went on behind the scenes in this disquieting affair.

Quite frankly, the mind of the man and woman in the street is uneasy.

It should not be left so.

Outlawed

Well done League of Nations!

By its crushing 42 to 1 verdict against Japan's Manchurian operations, the League has not only saved itself in its greatest crisis, but struck a powerful blow for the future peace of the world.

Japan, for its impudent aggression, has in effect been outlawed—a warning to every nation that might, like her, be tempted to resort to arms in defiance of world opinion.

Now read about the Land of the Red Death on pages 22 and 23.

Change of face

So the Minister of Labour has had to climb down.

Following criticism in Parliament, he has altered his attitude towards the administration of the Means Test by commissioners in the county of Durham. Now he is to demand a report from them that can be discussed in the House.

His previous refusals to accept responsibility by declining to answer questions about their work obviously could not be justified.

A queer excuse

In Scotland land is being made available for cultivation by unemployed miners and others by the direct action of the Government.

In England nothing is being done to help local authorities in this matter because "no funds can at present be made available for the purpose."

The Government evidently believes in not letting its right hand know what its left hand does.

Another oil wangle

A secret oil conference has been held in a London hotel. It aimed at a general rise in the price of all oil products, including petrol.

We say emphatically that this rise should not be allowed in Britain. The price could be kept down if foreign oil imports were prohibited, as there is ample British-produced oil to supply all our needs at reasonable prices.

We have been tied to the chariots of foreign oil magnates for too long.

Is Neville converted?

More than two hundred M.P.s have now joined the Lower Beer Tax group on the Government benches.

Add to that the Samuel-Liberals and the Labour members, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer will find his majority almost gone if he refuses to reduce the tax.

But it is being whispered in Westminster that he has already been converted.

Widow Ruined by Bravery

Robbing the Injured

Honours auctioneer: "Going, going . . . ."

The cost of heroism

Bravery can't be assessed in terms of money, we know. But that's no reason why it should lead to financial loss.

Yet because a middle-aged Middlesbrough widow, Mrs. Margaret Jackson, threw herself in front of a car to save the life of a child, she is now unable to work and has to "live" on a State pension of 10s. a week.

For three months she lay critically ill, but since her heroic action was "premeditated" she cannot claim damages.

If ever there was a case to be helped by the Carnegie Hero Trust Fund, this is one.

Robbing the injured

In five years injured miners have lost £150,000 due to them in workmen's compensation because of collieries having gone bankrupt.

If the efforts being made by the Mining Association to remedy this are not successful then something should be done about it.

A system by which injured men can be robbed of their rightful compensation can no longer be tolerated.

Warning

A Brighton man kicked a hole in a wall and wrenched away bricks and mortar "to draw attention to the disgraceful state of the property."

The owner—a woman who lives in Monte Carlo—sued him for damages and got them.

Of course, the law can't excuse violence of this sort. But we shall be dtlighted if the case succeeds in frightening some of our slum landlords.

Damnable

Infirmary nurses are living in a wooden building that is overrun with rats and unfit for human habitation. Originally built for nine nurses, it is now occupied by forty-three.

That is the disgusting state of affairs recently discussed by the Grimsby Public Assistance Committee. The chairman said that it had been "under consideration for many years."

What a confession! But now that the staff has become "very restless," a meeting is to be called to go into the matter.

We can only marvel that the nurses have tolerated it for so long.

Greatheart

Duty compelled Police-sergeant Reed to charge a woman for begging in the streets of Tredegar, Mon.

She was a cripple and the wife of a workless man. Both she and her child were drenched with rain and shivering with cold. The sergeant took them to the station, fed and warmed them, and then sent them home by 'bus.

Such officers help us to like as well as respect the men in blue.

Cool heads

Seventy thousand excited people watched the Bolton Wanderers v. Manchester City cup-tie unaware that a fire had broken out in the grand stand. Had they known there might have been a disastrous panic.

They didn't know for one thing because the fire brigade arrived in a plain van. A cool brain at work there!

But the person who deserves the most praise is the unknown woman who discovered the outbreak and, instead of shouting an alarm, quietly told the police.

Happy ending

The little everyday episodes of kindness are apt to be overlooked. But let us pay a tribute to the justices and officials at Preston Police Court.

A penniless and sick man was summoned for not having a licence for his dog. He pleaded, "He's my pal and I haven't the money."

There was a hasty whip round in court, a policeman was sent for the licence, and the man sent away happy.

Strange life saver

When next a gale whistles round your house, think of the two fishermen of Dooey, County Donegal, who went to the rescue of two drowning men in what is surely the most primitive lifeboat that ever braved a storm.

Its ribs were of hazel sticks tied together with string and bits of line, and covered with calico and tar.

The National Lifeboat Institution has just awarded its thanks on vellum and £2 each to the two rescuers. Here's our congratulations also!

Song of the shirt

Somebody ought to write a new "Song of the Shirt."

For though shirt workers get only a penny for cutting each garment, the employers want to reduce their wages by twopence an hour. This would lower the wholesale price of a shirt by a farthing. Frankly, is it worth while?

Judges differ

Here is a tale of two judges.

Mr. Justice Humphreys has sentenced a man to only nine months *in the second division* for throwing pep of a woman and tryin handbag.

Mr. Justice Goddard h to penal servitude for assaulting a woman and her handbag and for b house. In both cases other convictions.

Five years may be to is a more reasonable sent pad than nine months division.

Fairer deal for te

Every town in the co a lesson from Hull.

The committee set up adjust the differences bet and tenants has now d 4,000 cases and has sav £1,500 a year, besides ret them direct. Well done,

Cheaper light

We've had a lot to say electricity, and the nee sation in this great indu

So we welcome the s of Southend, which has s to supply current for less than a penny a un

Since 1924, too, the to department has turned of £5,400 into a profit of

What Southend has do can do.

The modern Ada

Adam's excuse that tempted him was neve use than by Harold Hod low.

Hoping to escape puni brutality in beating a thr with a stick, he whim wife "put him up to it.

Let us be thankful t trates showed their co mean spirit by sending for a month. And le Benches who deal ligh beaters take notice of t

Safety last

A vigilant policeman in Kimberley, Notts, an passengers to alight.

The chassis of the veh and in a state of coll serious accident might but for his prompt act

The proprietor admitt the 'bus was broken, b it to run. The Nottingh fined him £6. We pre never travel in 'buses.

Any offers?

Would you like a can

If so, apply to Lord man of G.W.R. The can and Avon, is fifty-seven a fisherman's paradis Churchill wants to give it costs the company son

But he really ought The railways bought mo just "to kill them." N ceeded, they've no righ the cost.

Making us blush

Listen to M. Paul Mo Paris to London:

"Paris is beautiful people, but London is b of its people."

As M. Morand is a as a distinguished novel day come to the French side among the people He would be welcome.

Ambulance fees

In referring to a r Walsall in our issue of was not intended to co sion that the Walsall refused to send an a someone guaranteed a

We are informed th which renders such sp not the owner of an am it was not approached question.

BRITISH MUSEUM 4 APR 33

FOUR DOPE Millionaires

by RUSSELL PASHA

(in an interview with William J. Makin)

"I was possessed of information to shatter the drug syndicate to its foundations"

"FOR thirty years I have been fighting the drug traffickers of the world. It has been my job, day in and day out. And I have found it the greatest job that any man can tackle.

"Only those who have seen the full misery of the drug addict, and only those who have had a glimpse of the immense and wealthy organisation of the drug traffic can have any conception of the task."

The huge, athletic figure with the boyish face, but with hair tinged grey, lounged in the chair before me in his office in Cairo. This was the man whom the drug traffickers fear more than anyone else in the world.

I might justly call him the hero of heroin. But T. W. Russell, Director of the Central Narcotics Intelligence Bureau and Commandant of the Cairo City Police, known popularly as Russell Pasha, is something more than that. He has become an international figure.

He has his agents at work in all the big capitals. Constantly he travels about Europe and Asia.

Russell Pasha is permitted to delve into the dossiers at police headquarters in the big cities of Europe. He picks out a photograph from a batch, smiles, and recognises a drug pedlar. And he can tell the police where the pedlar can be found.

Scotland Yard is constantly asking this man in his office in Cairo for information.

Actually, Britain keeps a careful watch on suspected drug traffickers in this country. Nevertheless, within the past six months the amount of heroin and cocaine distributed in the West End of London has been on the increase. It reveals that the international drug syndicate is perfecting its organisation, so the police appeal to Russell Pasha. Promptly he supplies the latest information at his disposal.

A FEW weeks ago he made a rich haul. A man proceeding to the Far East in a luxury liner was arrested at Port Said on a technical charge. His cabin and suitcases were searched. No dope was found, but something more important.

Within half an hour Russell Pasha had a series of notebooks on his desk which gave the complete secret code used by the drug traffickers, a list of agents, together with the names of smugglers and their prices. Once again the international drug syndicate had been circumvented and had to change its plans completely.

"But until last year I had to content myself with the arrest of a few paltry smugglers and their cargoes," said Russell Pasha to me. "It was a cat-and-mouse game, but I wanted something more exciting than a mouse. I was after the big men of the trade, the millionaires who control the whole organisation. The loss of an occasional pedlar or smuggler meant little or nothing to them. Could I get behind the scenes and find the real scoundrels?

"Then, a few months ago, my great opportunity came, and after thirty years' work I discovered the real secret organisation."

Who are the mystery millionaires behind this organisation? Two of them are Greeks; a third is a Greek naturalised as an American; a fourth is a nondescript of no definite nationality.

These men travel up and down Europe to the playgrounds of the wealthy—Cannes, Monte Carlo, San Sebastian, Biarritz, the Lido.

Their agents are working in every country. In Asia Minor they are buying the crude opium and smuggling it across three frontiers. Then it reaches one of the several secret factories, where highly paid chemists are constantly perfecting the process whereby heroin is extracted from the opium plant.

It is necessary then to ship the dope. Two big ports are used—Marseilles and Hamburg.

MARSEILLES is the port for the Far East. A great and ever-growing market in China has been carefully nurtured by the syndicate. Liners and cargo steamers that go east of Suez carry their quota of drug concealed cleverly in some unscrupulous sailors' pockets.

And the same system is worked from Hamburg. This is the port for America—North and South—the second big market of the syndicate.

Then, when the drug is landed at New York, Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro, Bombay, Calcutta, Shanghai, or Tientsin, the vast army of pedlars is set to work. It must collect the stuff and dispose of it in cafés or disreputable quarters of a town. And all the men and women in this army are paid, and paid well.

At last, the desperate drug addicts snatch the precious stuff.

Out of the miseries of these millions, the astute Greeks who comprise the syndicate are making colossal fortunes, for the annual profits of the syndicate are never less than twenty-five million pounds sterling a year.

Always the heads of this intricate syndicate have kept themselves hidden. Each time their secret factories were discovered they moved elsewhere. They began by manufacturing heroin on a large scale in Switzerland. The agents of Russell Pasha discovered them, and within a few months the police at Geneva were supplied with a dossier which surprised them.

Then the factories were moved to Turkey, where in a few months tons of heroin were being manufactured, and the world's drug addicts were receiving supplies in plenty.

Russell Pasha packed his bag in Cairo and set off for Turkey. He went to Mustapha Kemal's capital, Angora. There he met the Ghazi and his ministers. The result was a triumph for Russell Pasha—the syndicate and its factories were given notice by Mustapha Kemal to quit.

But the syndicate soon found fresh pastures. It erected factories in China, and another at Sofia in Bulgaria, its present headquarters, out of which town a ton of heroin a month is being sent to European and American cities.

Russell Pasha's report throws the limelight on this and other secret European factories. It will force the police to take action. And, once again, the dope factories will be on the move.

"I am told that the syndicate is even now making enquiries into the possibility of manufacturing heroin in Soviet Russia," said Russell Pasha. "But I feel sure that they will receive no sympathy there. The idealism of the present rulers in Russia does not include the manufacture of this poison which is ruining the world."

A good deal of illicit heroin is coming from France. Ships that leave Marseilles have smuggled cargoes aboard.

Of course, much of this heroin may have been brought from Bulgaria into France. Nevertheless, Russell Pasha does not entirely exonerate certain people in France. His report, indeed, is likely to upset the equanimity of several high officials there.

How did he gain the valuable information that has enabled him to lay bare the whole organisation of the drug traffic for the benefit of the police of different countries? As he told me the story in Cairo, the whole affair seemed more than ever like a sensational thriller.

"MY report," he explained, "is based on the remarkable revelations of a Greek millionaire." This Greek was ordered out of Hamburg last year because he was suspected of being concerned in a big shipment of illicit heroin. As he had already made a fortune, he did not trouble to fight the charge. He shrugged his shoulders, smiled and returned to the Greek village in which he was born.

"It was there that I got in touch with him. I'm afraid I'm known to all the drug traffickers in Europe and Africa," added Russell Pasha, "and, incidentally, they are all known to me.

"However, I knew that the Greek had some useful information, and I wanted it badly. He was hurt because he considered he had been ordered out of Germany upon a false charge. 'I admit I've been in the drug traffic for some years,' he said to me, 'and done very well out of it. But the charge against me in Hamburg was false. Now I'm leaving the drug traffic and going in for politics.'

"He then proceeded, partly out of pique, to give me vital inside information regarding the activities of the international drug syndicate. The statement was taken down fully. When I had completed it I found it so staggering in its details and so damning regarding certain high officials, that I asked the American Secret Service in Paris to verify details. It did. Its investigations confirmed the statement.

"I then sent a copy of the statement to the British Government. It considered the revelations so startling that it was suggested that before I placed the matter in the hands of the League of Nations, the millionaire informer should sign it.

"AT first, the idea of signing frightened him. 'My life would not be safe if my name appeared at the end of this document,' he said. But eventually I talked him round He signed three-quarters of the original statement. It was enough. I was possessed of sufficient information to shatter the drug syndicate to its foundations."

The result of the presentation of Russell Pasha's sensational report to the League of Nations will be a demand made for international action.

At present, the drug trafficker laughs at frontiers, passports, and the national police regulations. He plays the police of one nation against another. Only when he is stigmatised as an international pest will the world fight against him really begin.

Court-

Lieutenant Norman Baillie-Stewart, the young officer in the Seaforth Highlanders, is to be put on trial before a military tribunal at the Tower of London, charged with offences under the Official Secrets Act . . .

A COURT-MARTIAL at the Tower . . .

Romantic as that sounds to people who associate London's old fortress with colourful trial and stern retribution, the truth is that although the court-martial will be held at the Tower, the Tower itself will not be at the court-martial, so to speak.

The grim and gaunt surroundings and the personnel of the Tower will play no part in the drama that goes on in their midst.

Those who imagine that the prisoner will be led before the court between files of red and black Beefeaters in Tudor dress, the glory of their ruffs and steel-gilt halberds making his own glengarry cap, tartan "trews" and khaki tunic look drab by contrast, are quite mistaken.

One might as well expect him to exchange courtesies with the Governor of the Tower on Tower Green, after the manner of Colonel Fairfax in "The Yeoman of the Guard."

No appeal . . .

Yet there will be drama enough in this general court-martial at the Tower—if only because of the rarity of general courts-martial—without any such mediæval pageantry as many people imagine will attend it.

The trial will take place in the barracks of the 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards—the oldest stone of which is the foundation-stone laid by Wellington. The barracks only happen to be part of the Tower because of a fire that destroyed the ancient "grand warehouse" of the fortress in the early part of last century and left room for the erection of a modern barracks.

And the 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards happens to be occupying them at the moment under a system by which different units of Guards exchange quarters here every two years.

Really Lieutenant Baillie-Stewart has not been confined in the Tower—as understood in the popular sense—but in the barracks of the 3rd Grenadier Guards

A general court-martial is, of course, the highest of all military tribunals. Because there is no higher, there can be no appeal against its decisions.

In the ordinary way, and even when held in buildings far less historic than the Tower of London, such trials are associated in the public mind with procedure so colourful and romantic as to amount almost to pageantry.

Simple court

But such picturesque procedure has no place in the British Army. The drama is there all right; but it is not one of high lights and purple splashes.

Still, the mere fact that in externals it appears so commonplace compared with similar trials in foreign countries, and even in the Royal Navy, gives an atmosphere of reality to the proceedings that really intensifies the drama.

There is no court of justice more simple and unostentatious in its methods than that which tries a British soldier. None more scrupulously careful to dispense justice and nothing but justice.

Remarkable pains are taken to ensure that no officer serves as a member of the court who can have any prejudice against the prisoner, or any previous knowledge of his case. So scrupulously careful is our military law in this respect that if a soldier were charged with stealing a spoon from an officer's mess, no member of that mess could assist in judging him!

Yet fellow officers do sometimes sit in judgment—where the prisoner is more likely to be helped than handicapped by their presence.

Lieutenant Norman Baillie-Stewart

Not even until the charges to be brought at a general court-martial have been carefully scrutinised and considered in the Judge Advocate General's department of the War Office, to ensure that they are good in law and that the evidence *prima facie* supports them, can such a trial be held.

From then on the procedure is a model of speedy, efficient justice.

A plain room

Before the prisoner appears in court he is medically examined to establish his fitness to appear. This examination takes place every day the case lasts.

No swords of justice or similar symbolical panoply adorn the court room. In fact, it is usual to hold such trials in barrack recreation rooms, with the members seated at a table—to the annoyance of troops displaced for the time being and forced to seek their rest and recreation elsewhere.

Let us look at the court-room in the Tower barracks as Lieutenant Baillie-Stewart will see it.

A plain enough room in all conscience, little more suggestive of a court of law than of a modern station waiting-room. It is the library of the barracks, as ordinary looking a place as can be seen at the Tower.

Before him, as he enters, will sit the "court" itself—the President, who is always a General Officer or Colonel, if one is available, as one certainly will be at this trial, and at least five "members" of the court, as the officers who are fellow judges for the occasion are described. All of them will be in uniform.

Near them will be the Judge Advocate, appointed by the Judge Advocate General to attend the court, although he will not sit as a judge. He is, in fact, an impartial adviser responsible for the conduct of the trial, whose duty it is to see that the prisoner has every opportunity of conducting his defence under favourable conditions.

And close at hand will be the shorthand officials, uniformed army clerks who, by taking a complete note of the evidence, ensure a far speedier trial than is possible in civil courts where the depositions are taken in laborious long-hand.

Behind the prisoner as he stands is a window which his judges will face; and through it is the Tower of London and all the tragic history it tells in stone.

Looming high is the particular tower in which Sir Walter Raleigh languished, a frightening building made of masonry fifteen feet thick, in which the murdered princes are supposed to have met their end

Lower, and so almost out of sight of the judges unless they advance to the window during the adjournments, is the tragic stone marking where famous people laid their heads for the last time beneath the axe of the executioner—Anne Boleyn and Katherine Howard, the ill-fated wives of Henry VIII; unhappy Lady Jane Grey; the aged Countess of Salisbury, "who refused to die decorously, as a proud dame should"; and many more besides.

The accused officer will be brought in by an escort of one officer before the swearing-in of the members of the court begins, and he has the right to challenge any members of it, as a civil prisoner can challenge a jury.

He is then charged and called upon to plead Guilty or Not guilty.

Thereafter the procedure follows pretty much on the same lines as that of a civil court. With a few marked differences, however.

The prisoner has the option of being represented by counsel, or by an officer, or both, having all the privileges that would be accorded in a civil court, or by a "friend," though the latter is not allowed to address the court and can only suggest to the man he represents the nature of the questions he can put in cross-examination.

Another difference is that at the close of the hearing the room is cleared while the court considers its findings. And this is carried out in an unusual way, dictated again by the desire of military law to give accused persons every chance.

The dramatic moment

Junior officer members of the court express their opinions first, in case a young officer should be inclined to follow the judgment of his seniors.

Then, when the court is reopened, the most dramatic moment comes—and even that is one of the most unemotional kind.

If the prisoner is acquitted the fact is made known to him almost casually in open court. He may hear the welcome words "Honourably acquitted," and is just as casually released from arrest.

If he is found guilty, the record of his service is asked for and produced, so that it can be taken into consideration in the fixing of his sentence, and the court ends with the prisoner removed to wait in custody before he hears his fate "in due course."

Before that sentence is promulgated—that is before the finding of the court, its sentence and any direction of the confirming authority are read out to the accused and published simultaneously in the orders of his unit—much must happen.

The full record of the proceedings must be sent to the Judge Advocate General, who advises the confirming authority as to validity of the findings. He may recommend that some of them shall or shall not be confirmed.

But he cannot advise on the question of sentence, except as to legality. That is a matter entirely for the confirming authority, who in peace time, in matters of general courts-martial, is His Majesty himself. The

(Continued on page 9)

Where's *the* WAR?

Trouble in Manchuria—in Bolivia and Paraguay. Revolts in Alwar; riots at Eisleben—all along the horizon rumble the thunder-clouds of war.

Can you turn to maps and full descriptions of these countries?

In this week's *Passing Show*, out on Friday, are full details of a magnificent original Guinea Presentation, the New Pictorial Colour Atlas of the World, the latest work of its kind ever published.

Full details and your application forms are in *The Passing Show*—out to-morrow, Friday.

The Human Machine

PLUCK *that* COUNTS

WHATEVER some people may say of it, humanity is, on the whole, made of decent stuff. The average man or woman, pick where you like, is anxious to do right—or, at any rate, is not in the least anxious to do wrong. There is more love than hate in the world; there is more kindness than cruelty; there is more desire to see things go well than to smash and destroy.

There is, in fact, more good than evil in the hearts of mankind. Then why is it that so little progress is made by the world? Why do so many wrongs remain unrighted, so many blots on our reputation remain unremoved?

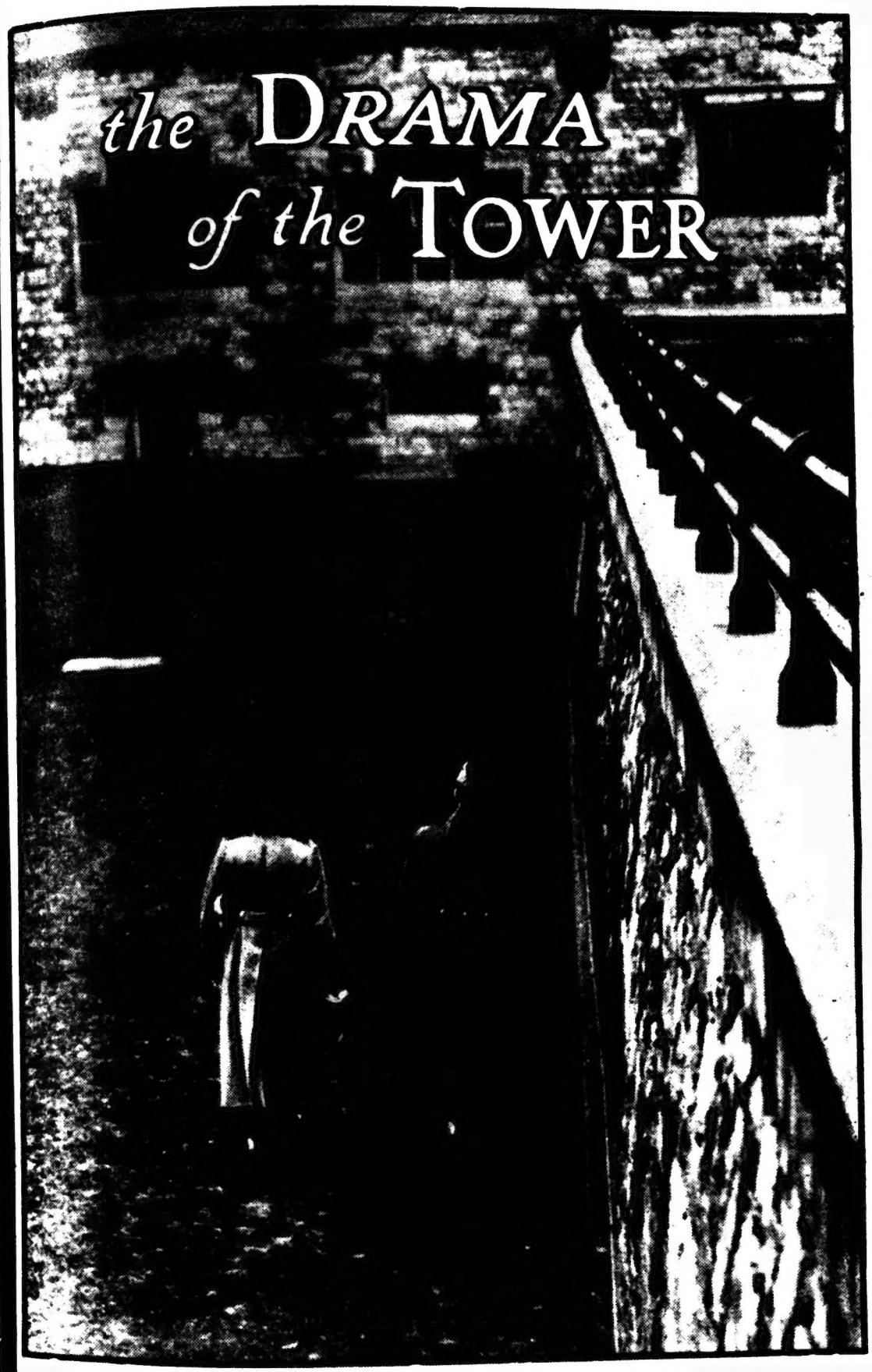
Mainly because, while men and women mostly know what is right, mostly think what is right, mostly would like to do what is right, very few have the moral courage to lead—and so encourage the rest to follow. Most people will follow if someone else will lead. Few have the courage to step out first—and risk going alone.

"Moral courage," said someone the other day, "the courage to speak out against vulgarity and malice, the courage to make the first move, the courage to disregard the prejudices of the herd, the courage to do the decent thing—what a magnificent quality it is, to be sure! It bestows the greatest of all honours on those who display it—the honour that is reserved for the fearless soul. I am not at all sure that moral courage is not the highest expression of the spirit of man."

Now, it is often no easy matter even to take a negative attitude, to refrain from joining in what we feel to be wrong. Inaction, whether of deed or of speech, is frequently harder than it seems. It often needs no little courage merely to do nothing.

But it is not enough. To know what we ought to do, and not to do it, is to betray our manhood. It is action, positive and fearless of any possible consequences, that makes us men.

Martialled..



The young officer takes exercise under escort in the Tower grounds whilst awaiting his trial

King alone can remit or reduce the sentence, but nobody can increase it.

Altogether a form of swift justice entirely lacking in the military pageantry popularly associated with it! And vastly different from what it is in, say, the French Army, where acquittal is like a triumphant scene in grand opera, and degradation so brutal and so humiliating that it seems like a page torn from the life of the dark Middle Ages.

Just picture an officer of the French Army sentenced to the ignominy of being "cashiered."

In his squat, cell-like guard-room he hears the bugle calling the whole of his battalion to parade. Wearily, he rises. His escort closes round him, and marches him out to the scene of his degradation.

There he faces his battalion, massed for the final scene. The drums roar angrily. He feels a hand tearing at his shoulders and looks down to see his epaulettes, the mark of his rank, torn from his tunic. Another hand cuts off his buttons one by one.

And then, worst humiliation of all, the breaking of his sword. He had been deprived of this on the day of his arrest. Now he hears the snap as a sword is broken in two, and broken yet again.

There is one touch of humour in the ceremony. The sword is not his at all, but a property article that is used for the occasion. No sword, of course, worthy of use by a military man could be snapped in the hands.

And so the degraded officer is marched out of the barrack gates for ever, or to suffer any sentence of imprisonment imposed on him.

Whatever be the fate of Lieutenant Baillie-Stewart, there will be nothing suggestive of French Army methods about the drama of the Tower!

Lieutenant Baillie-Stewart has handed in his sword, of course. But should he be acquitted he will probably just send his batman round to collect it!

His daily walk round the grounds of the Tower has been in the company of one man only, the piquet officer, and there has been nothing savouring of rigorous imprisonment in his life at the barracks.

He has an officer's room just off the mess, the counterpart of others used by officers of the 3rd Grenadier Guards. Two orderlies attend to his wants, supplying him — although he may not dine in the officers' mess—with the same food as is being enjoyed by others in Wellington Barracks who hold the King's commission.

There is a guard, yes. Two Guardsmen who watch by day and night. But the door at which they stand is outside the mess, far away from the room he occupies. They stand there patiently, unobtrusively.

It will be so right up to and during his trial.

There is one strange feature about courts-martial that is not generally known.

A higher law . . .

An accused person who has been found guilty or acquitted can be rearrested by the civil power — even if that person has served his sentence—and tried again and sentenced by the civil power for the same offence. It does not happen—but it could. And this despite the fact that either acquittal or conviction by a civil court is always the end of the matter as far as the Army authorities are concerned.

The reason is a queer one. It is that the Army is subservient to Parliament, which only sanctions the existence of the Army from year to year, recognising it by passing what is known as the "Army Annual."

There have, in fact, been occasions when, if it has been a race against time to get this "Army Annual" passed, there has been a danger that the Army would, in effect, be allowed to disappear, when all military law would go with it.

The present drama of the Tower recalls many that have gone before it, but none more dramatic than that of the court-martial there on Karl Lody, the first German spy to be arrested in this country during the war.

We had interned twenty-one German spies in the great round-up of August, 1914, and the Kaiser chose Lody personally to go to England to take their place.

Mr. Norman Parkes, who is to defend Lieutenant Baillie-Stewart

He was caught, and all through the trial he only showed distress when the suggestion of spying came out of the mass of quietly-spoken words.

He was a brave man and a loyal German officer anxious to do a dangerous and important work for the sake of his Fatherland.

The story is told of how he dined with the officers of the regiment stationed at the Tower on the eve of his execution, never mentioning a word about the morrow. And a minute before the execution he said to the Provost Marshal, "I don't suppose you want to shake hands with a spy?"

The Provost Marshal replied: "No, but I shall be very proud indeed to shake hands with a very brave man."

And their hands met.

A few words of commiseration with the young soldiers who had to shoot him, and Lody passed to his doom.

His was one of the most poignant of all the dramas of the Tower.

Inventors, *Beware!*

PEOPLE with ideas or inventions of possible commercial value are being sought just now by a concern known as Inventions Exploitation Company, of Radnor House, Regent Street, London.

Applicants are told that its object is to assist inventors to get all the information necessary to approach financiers and others for capital.

Petty or ridiculous ideas are not entertained, as "the prestige of the company" would not permit it.

But, as a first step, inventors must forward a fee of £5 5s.

In return, Inventions Exploitation Company is prepared to investigate and report upon the commercial value of any invention or patent and advise on it.

It will also undertake preliminary correspondence with "the trade, manufacturers and others."

Should any business result, directly or indirectly, it expects a 10 per cent. commission on all sums received.

All this may sound quite businesslike, but there is not the slightest evidence to show that Inventions Exploitation Company possesses any special qualifications for "assisting" inventors or anyone else.

In spite of its grandiose talk about "the prestige of the company," no word of its fame has reached the Institute of Patentees.

Inventions Exploitation Company is, in fact, nothing more than the registered business name for two individuals —J. D. Dean and P. H. A. Fouche—who would be well advised to state their qualifications before seeking to extract £5 5s. fees from hopeful inventors.

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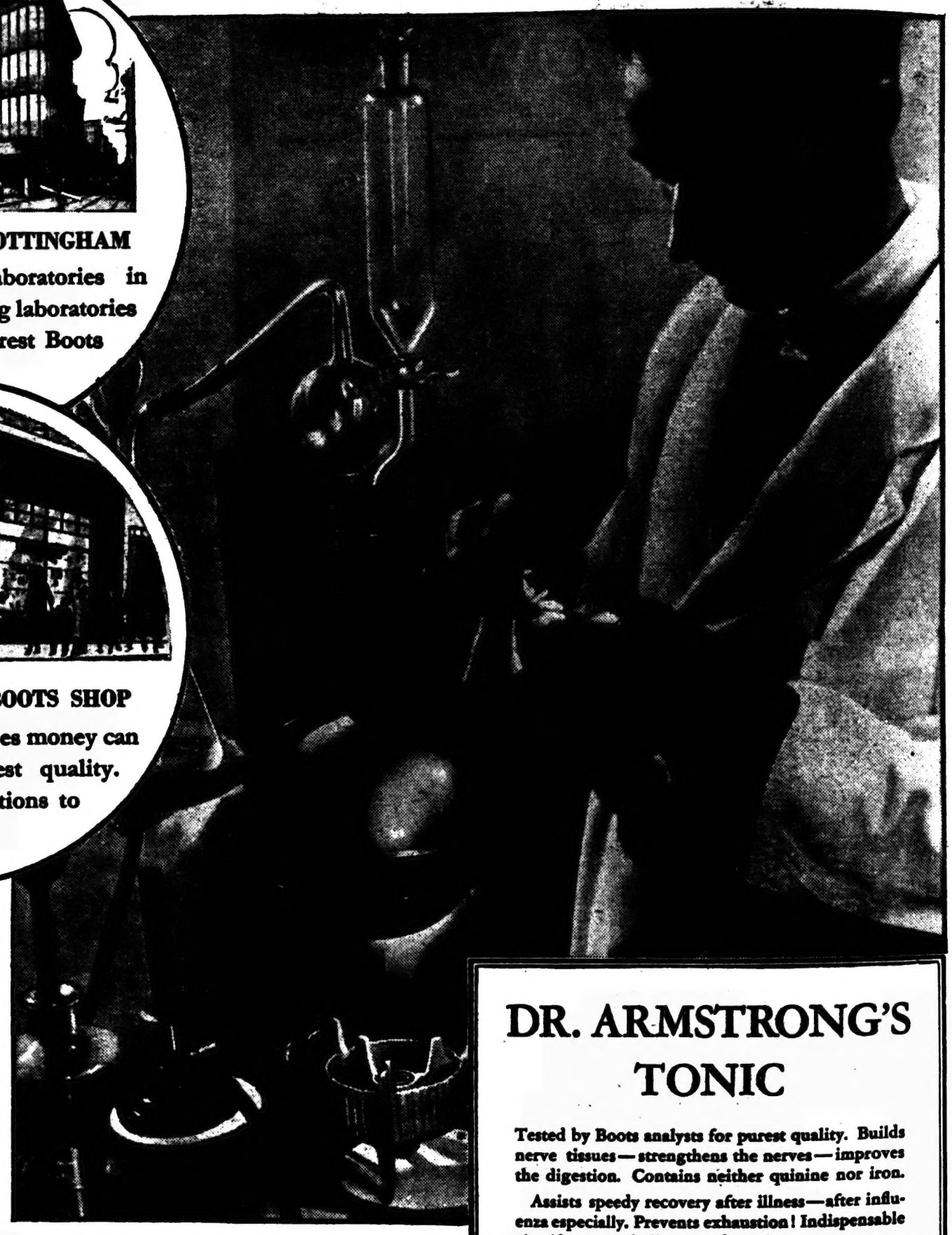

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The new German tyranny—the police are expected to use their firearms in the execution of their duty, says Hitler's police chief

Germany's DAY of DESTINY

by A. G. GARDINER

THE election which takes place in Germany on Sunday will settle the fate of Germany. It looks very much as though the great edifice that was built with blood and iron by Bismarck is about to be wrecked, also with blood and iron, by Hitler.

Sunday will go far to decide the issue.

It is necessary that we should understand what the issue is about, for on the result of Sunday's battle—and it will be a battle in the most literal sense—depends not only the future of Germany, but the future of Europe.

If Germany breaks up, the whole structure of the Continent will be reshaped. And the break-up of Germany seems not only possible but imminent.

It was made possible, if not imminent, on the day that President Hindenburg listened to the East Prussian junkers, dismissed Bruening, summoned Von Papen, and so paved the way to the domination of Hitler.

Hindenburg's mistake

To understand what the rise of Hitler means, it is necessary to conceive King George dismissing Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Baldwin and calling ex-Comrade Mosley to the Premiership with liberty to govern through his Black Shirts without a Parliamentary majority and by sheer terrorism.

Hindenburg did not intend to make Hitler dictator. He thought that in yielding to him he could make him his prisoner. He was mistaken. Fourteen years of persecution, repression and misery had reduced the German Parliamentary system to chaos.

The people had got out of hand. They were weary of waiting for relief from Geneva that never came, and turned in despair to the wild-eyed men who promised them victory by violence.

The Liberal Party collapsed. The Centre (Catholic) Party wilted. The Socialist Party lost ground. All the stable, moderating influences in Germany were undermined.

The youth of the country turned to Hitlerism on the one hand and to Communism on the other. The Reichstag ceased to function, and throughout the land there began a violent struggle for power between Fascists (Nazis) and Communists for the coming dictatorship.

For a time Hindenburg kept Hitler at bay, but in the end he surrendered, made him Chancellor, and appointed Von Papen and Hugenberg as policemen to hold him in check.

But once in the saddle, Hitler was master of the situation. He had the mob and his Fascist army of Brown Shirts. He was dictator of Germany. He began war straightaway upon all the opposing factions. His first act was to violate the Constitution by dismissing the Prussian Government which was Socialist, and putting Prussia under the heel of his Nazi terrorists.

So far as one can judge, he has no domestic policy except the destruction of Jews, Communists and every Party that does not accept his dictatorship.

Without consulting his "policemen," he has dismissed most of the high officials of Germany and put his own creatures in their place. Westphalia and the Rhineland, with their twelve million inhabitants, have been put under a single police president with the powers of a dictator.

The character of the terror is illustrated by an amazing order issued by Capt. Göring, the Minister of the Interior, to the police. In this order the police are instructed to protect the Nazis as patriotic citizens, but to shoot "ruthlessly" in other directions.

"Police officers," he says, "who in the execution of their duty use their firearms, will be supported by me *without regard for the effect of their shots.* On the other hand, officers who fail from *false considerations* may expect disciplinary measures"

In other words, shoot and you will get promotion; hesitate to shoot and you will get the sack.

This on the eve of a general election. No wonder the gutters are beginning to run with blood. Already over seventy people have been killed, many of them quite innocent people, like the unfortunate woman at Brunswick who was shot dead for not closing her window as a Nazi procession passed by. Thousands of others have been wounded, and it will be a miracle if there is not a holocaust in Germany this week-end.

The election in such circumstances will be a farce, for people who do not wear the Nazi colours will vote at the peril of their lives.

It should follow, of course, that Hitler will get a majority. But whether he gets a majority or not is irrelevant, for he has announced that "a mere formality" like Parliament will not interfere with his iron rule.

Germany, in fact, is rushing headlong into a civil war in which the Government, with the armed police and the armed Brown Shirts, will seek to strike terror into the population and reduce all opposition to silence.

Making enemies

But Hitler has made one huge blunder which, if it does not destroy him, will destroy the German Empire as Bismarck created it. He has alarmed and antagonised South Germany, and especially Bavaria, which next to Prussia is the most important state in the Empire.

The Bavarians have never loved the Prussians, and were only with great difficulty induced by Bismarck to enter the Empire in 1871. They are a kindly and artistic people, who resent the harshness and aggressiveness of the Prussian character. Their first alarm was aroused by the suppression of the Prussian Parliament, and Bavaria promptly intimated that no pranks of that sort would be permitted with her Parliament.

Now all South Germany, Wurtemburg and Baden, as well as Bavaria, is aflame with anger and indignation at two things.

One is the mad attack of Hitler's hooligans on the Centre Party, which is the Party of the Catholics, who are powerful in South Germany. There were heavy casualties in a clash between Nazis and Centrists at a meeting of Herr Bruening's, and at another Centre Party meeting at Krefeld the audience was attacked and Herr Stegerwald, Minister of Labour in the Bruening Government, and several Catholic priests, who tried to defend him, were among the injured.

Hitler's "impertinence"

This is bad enough. But still worse are the sinister visits of the Imperial Defence Minister, General von Blomberg, to Munich, Stuttgart and Karlsruhe to inspect the local troops. This is construed as a warning from Hitler that he will stand no nonsense, and it has enraged the South.

The anger has been intensified by the order from Berlin that important papers in Munich and Stuttgart should be suppressed. The order has been ignored, and Hitler has been told quite bluntly that Bavaria and Wurtemburg will have no interference with their liberties.

And Bruening has denounced the impertinence of Hitler in sending Blomberg to flourish the Prussian sword in the face of the South Germans.

This is when the crash will come, and Sunday's election will hasten it. If Hitler continues his policy of dragooning Bavaria, that State will break away from the Reich, and the Imperial Germany that Bismarck created will be at an end.

It will not be done without bloodshed, but, just as Germany was made with blood and iron, so it will be unmade with blood and iron.

If that is the result of Hitler's dictatorship, Bavaria, accompanied by Wurtemburg, may join Austria in a new Danubian confederation, which will change the whole face of European politics.

Not from the B.B.C.—Sir Arthur Eddington on—

The Stampede of the Stars

OF old when Galileo wrote
His volumes scientific,
And Isaac Newton somehow found
Why falling apples reach the ground,
There was not a terrific
Rush made by blokes like me and you
To read their works, however true.

In cash and popularity
They garnered little solace;
But in these more enlightened days,
Now science has become a craze,
Wodehouse and Edgar Wallace
Are not more read, for thrills and fun,
Than Jeans and Arthur Eddington.

For many entertaining hours
We are to these beholden;
So publishers with cheques in hand
More scientific books demand;
For science now is golden,
Since hints from Hollywood and Mars
Have set us gazing at the stars.

It is, I think, very gratifying that what might be called scientific "thrillers" are now read as eagerly as the shilling shocker used to be before Sir James Jeans and I made astronomy and kindred sciences (more or less) intelligible to the Plain Man.

I have been told of flappers who, reading the new thrillers and learning in an early chapter that the earth and some other planet are rushing toward one another at the rate of 2,444,888,000 knots an hour, turn eagerly to the last page to find out what happens.

Personally, however, I do not favour the Grand Guignol type of scientific "shocker." In my new book, "The Expanding Universe," I point out that the whole material universe of stars and galaxies of stars is rapidly dispersing, but that these galaxies are not rushing toward, but running away from each other at speeds varying from 10 to 25,000 kilometres a second.

Also I draw attention to the fact (which seems to have escaped notice) that the universe, after expanding like a balloon for millions of years, burst when its expansion reached 1,073 times its initial radius.

The result of this was that it became impossible for light to travel half-way round the universe; but otherwise it seems to have had less effect than the bursting of a gas main in Tottenham Court Road.

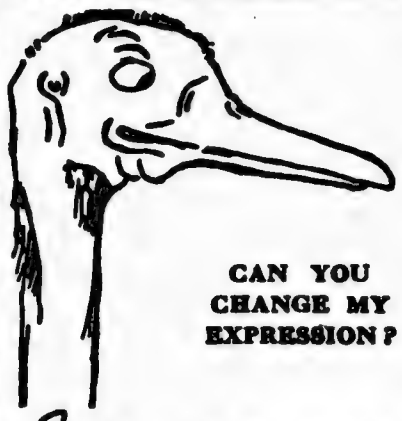
So, you will see, however sensational may be the facts which I put before my readers, they are not nearly so sensational as the unjustifiable deductions drawn from them by excitable reviewers. In my new book I state also that the light waves which run round the universe will make just one more circuit during the rest of eternity, and those that started late will never complete the course.

But the citizen who worries over this is the sort of person who would insure against being swallowed by a whale while bathing in Lansbury's Lido.

The universe exploded long ago;
The stars are running marathons in space;
Light in the scramble joins
By girding up its loins
For the last lap of its sempiternal race.

But, meanwhile, things continue as before;
There's still the seven-forty-five to catch;
There's work to do and play,
And the income-tax to pay,
And little Willy's pants require a patch.

Some day the sun will be as cold as ice,
Some day on us the fiery stars will rain;
But I will eat my hat
If I worry over that—
So smile, you mutt, and fillemup-again!



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Now if you want gleaming white teeth free from decay, and firm, pink gums free from disease start using Kolynos, with its unique Dry-Brush Technique You'll never regret it. Buy a tube of Kolynos Dental Cream from your Chemist to-day.

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Open Letter to Commissioner Catherine BOOTH

Let Bygones BE BYGONES

DEAR COMMISSIONER,—Every well-wisher of the Salvation Army—the world-wide institution which your father built up and which was, until its family squabbles began, the admiration of millions—will regret the fact that, after we thought all its troubles were over, they have now started again because you have written a book.

During recent days, I have once again seen Salvation Army lasses standing in the cold dreary streets holding out boxes marked "Self Denial Week."

Why should their beneficent work be hampered by yet another argument as to what happened three years ago in Sunbury?

You remember the circumstances.

Salvation Army leaders were brought from all over the world while your father, General Bramwell Booth, was lying ill, to elect someone in his stead. It was all so secret that it got more publicity than if the proceedings had been held in public. Reporters waited outside for days. Now and then, someone in the secret conclave spilled some beans.

* * *

Then there were arguments in the Press, nearly as bitter as those which, we were all told, took place inside the council room.

The troubles of the Salvation Army were largely explained by the remark of a friend of mine, who said, "God chose the first general and Man the second."

The third was chosen by the Army itself. Then, in very difficult circumstances, General Higgins assumed command and tried to re-unite the Army's shattered forces.

He must be allowed to continue doing it.

I hold no particular brief for the Salvation Army. I do not agree with its theology. Sometimes, the noises its bands make, as they pass my dwelling, disturb me in what, for want of a better name, I call my work.

But all of us know that its work in slums in England, in leper camps abroad, and among the women and children in countries where they get treated even worse than they do in our own land, has often been almost Christlike in its patience and devotion.

Well now, when things seem settling down, General Higgins and you are at loggerheads again, this time as to whether a so-called memorandum, which he considers private, is to be made public in your book.

* * *

Few spectacles in the world are so pitiful as the attempts to champion, or flatter, or explain, some man who has been superseded and who then has passed on.

Why do people want to dig up bones and try to give them life again?

William Booth, the first General, was an autocrat. He ruled his army like Moses ruled the Israelites—yes, and with even greater success, for Moses often found the tribes rebellious, whereas Booth could silence his followers merely by looking at them with his eyes.

Your father was the son of the founder, but lacked his personal magnetism.

The Salvation Army is not a family affair, except that its family includes the world. Humanity is its country and to do good is its religion. It survived ridicule and persecution and contempt. Then, unfortunately, like all other religious bodies, it acquired property.

When Christ used the words about leaving your father and your mother and carrying "neither scrip nor purse," He, of all the world's great leaders, knew how property would inevitably impede progress.

I regard it as the wisest of His teachings. It is the one to which the least attention is paid.

It was two years ago that you said: "If General Higgins will give us back our places in the Army's organisation, recognise my mother's position and be more generous in remembering my father's name and work, these three things would go a long way."

"We have documentary evidence to prove who was General Bramwell Booth's choice of a successor," you said, in 1930.

Who cares what successor General Bramwell Booth wanted? The Army was, and is, concerned about the success of its work in the future.

Such bodies can only remain autocracies while they are still run by the autocrats who start them.

Mussolini is all very well, for those who like him, but if another Italian tried to be another Mussolini after his death, it would be funny. A Cromwell is born only once in a nation's history. There has been only one William Booth. Probably there will never be another.

No, the world, my dear Commissioner Booth, is too much concerned to-day with all those people who are out of work, and all the millions who are on the verge of destitution.

* * *

It is only five months ago that it was stated that "a happy ending to the dispute in the Army" had been brought about by your again taking up "a high position in its ranks."

Now the public is told that your book will not be "officially recognised" by the Salvation Army, and that it will neither be advertised by it nor sold on its bookstalls.

Dear, dear, dear!

Well, the unemployed won't read it. The homeless have not the money with which to buy it. The Chinese and the Japs and the Zulus and the Laplanders, among whom the Salvation Army acts as missionary, do not read English anyway.

Get on with your Army work. It is more important than any book on your family grievances.

Hannen Swaffer

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN,
Lord President of the Council

DEAR MR. BALDWIN,—What has happened to your discretion?

Addressing the Worcestershire Association, you made a humorous reference to "providing billycocks to all the niggers between Morocco and Capetown."

A very unfortunate remark, seeing that millions of the people to whom you refer are coloured subjects of the King and who rightly deprecate such descriptions as yours. JOHN BULL.

Sir JOHN SIMON,
Foreign Secretary

DEAR SIR JOHN,—I'm not sorry that it is no longer necessary to urge people to spend their holidays at home, and that more passports are being issued.

Certainly, we should "see Britain first."

But if, in the coming season, our holiday resorts cater more for foreign visitors, and Britons broaden their minds by going abroad, there will be some hope of removing the narrow nationalism which is one of the menaces to world peace. JOHN BULL.

LADY ASTOR, M.P.,
St. James' Square, London, S.W.

DEAR LADY,—You may misplace some of your overflowing enthusiasm occasionally, but your heart is in the right place.

You have just urged the Minister of Health not to cut down, in his new economy campaign, the facilities for helping children too young for school.

These toddlers, though they have not yet come under the school medical service, have left the child welfare clinics. Thus they are apt to be neglected.

The whole public, I am sure, is behind you in your demand. JOHN BULL.

Mr. ARTHUR ROSCOE,
Newton Heath, Manchester

DEAR SIR,—I am not generally pleased with the King's Proctor, but I was delighted to find him in an unusual rôle the other day.

He applied for a decree nisi to be rescinded because you and your wife have no further use for it. You have become reconciled and want to continue married.

I am glad you have discovered the virtue of second thoughts. JOHN BULL.

LORD DAWSON OF PENN,
Wimpole Street, London, W.

DEAR LORD DAWSON,—Accept my best thanks! Time and again I have attacked the fee-snatching organisations which issue bogus university degrees, and now you are to introduce a Bill to end this evil.

It will make any person using such degrees liable to a maximum fine of £50—an excellent remedy.

I hope Parliament will quickly pass it into law. JOHN BULL.

WM. HENRY STOKEHOE,
Prestwich, Lancs

ROGUE.—I would not trouble to address you if it were not to draw attention to your wonderful employers, Messrs. Johnson and Sons, of Salford.

When you were sent to prison for four months for embezzling from them, a detective revealed that this had been your way of repaying them for having overlooked previous defalcations of £744 and giving you another chance to go straight.

There is indeed "nothing so unkind as man's ingratitude." JOHN BULL.

Alderman GOLDSCHMIDT,
Manchester City Police Court

DEAR ALDERMAN,—"It is a pity these people have been brought here," you told public assistance officials the other day.

They had summoned a lot of people for not contributing towards the poor relief received by their relatives.

Most of the charges you dismissed as being "very lame and very trivial," and I hope you have taught Bumbledom that it is useless to harass the already harassed. JOHN BULL.

Mr. CHARLES EDWIN TODD, Carshalton: Though unemployed, you spent £33 on engagement ring and £29 on party. You thought your mother would pay, but I'm glad she didn't. Perhaps your bankruptcy will teach you to be prudent.—JOHN BULL.

Dr. CYRIL NORWOOD,
Harrow School

DEAR HEADMASTER,—The physique of the nation is deteriorating and should be improved, you declare.

True. I agree, also, that physical training should be a basic part of our educational system. But you appear to have overlooked the fact that facilities for athletic culture are greater now than they have ever been.

Our youth are anxious enough to keep fit. The problem with so many of them is to get enough good food. JOHN BULL.

LORD DERBY,
London, W.1

DEAR LORD DERBY.—We must not wait for trade, you say, we must wait *on* it.

Fortunately, the great mass of British manufacturers now recognise this fact. By their enterprise they have been attracting buyers from all over the world to see the range and quality of their goods.

And their progress in the science of marketing will be carried a step further, I hope, by the great Advertising and Marketing Exhibition which is to be held in London this summer. JOHN BULL.

Judge CRAWFORD,
Edmonton County Court

YOUR HONOUR,—The debtor always seems to "get away with it" in your court, said a disgruntled creditor the other day.

He was annoyed, it seems, because you refuse to send debtors to prison if they are on the "dole" or drawing relief.

But his remark was really a compliment. For while you have no sympathy, I am sure, with those who can pay but won't, a poor man's difficulties are merely increased by imprisonment. And so are the ratepayers'. JOHN BULL.

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The primary action of PHILLIPS Live Yeast is to *regulate the whole process of digestion*, and this is the basis of all its marvellous effects. Taken as it should be, at the beginning of a meal, it suppresses nausea, heartburn and flatulence, and immediately stimulates the appetite. *It is an invaluable remedy for all who suffer from indigestion in any form;* frequently it gives immediate relief in stomach troubles that have persisted for years. PHILLIPS Live Yeast prevents the formation of toxins (the poisons that pass into the blood and give rise to auto-intoxication), sick headaches, sleepiness after meals and a host of other troubles. By correcting these irregularities, PHILLIPS Live Yeast *removes the causes of Inflammation* in the digestive tract, and is *a most effective non-irritant remedy for faulty elimination.*

With its wonderful power of promoting formation of healthy body substance, PHILLIPS Live Yeast is the surest corrective of *general debility* and by far the most valuable restorative during convalescence, when the tissues are wasted and the strength is lost. Exceptionally rich in the B vitamins, it rapidly stimulates the development of backward, undergrown children, and provides a sustaining and invigorating tonic for all who suffer from the lassitude of body and mind which results from overstrain.

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The regulation of digestion goes far to explain the powerful tonic influence of PHILLIPS Live Yeast. **Perfect assimilation follows perfect digestion; all the nutrient elements of food pass into the blood; and the Yeast vitamins which control assimilation, build them up into rich blood and sound muscle and nerve tissue.**

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As a blood purifier PHILLIPS Live Yeast is without an equal. The scientific explanation of its wonderful efficacy in this respect is that the Yeast nuclein activates the white corpuscles—the natural protective agencies of the body—*to destroy disease germs and to eliminate all impurities from the blood.* By stimulating this natural action, PHILLIPS Live Yeast speedily disperses *Boils and Abscesses and subdues inflammation with gnawing pain in the deeper tissues;* it clears up Acne and Skin blemishes, leaving the skin surface fresh and healthy, thus ensuring a *good complexion.*

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Weekly Informations from MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

Huge Health SOCIETY *Swindle*

Percival Morris and his youthful son, whom he has used as a cat's-paw in his strange club's affairs

THIS week it is my duty to expose one of the most audacious attempts to deceive the public that has ever been brought to my notice.

It involves a scheme launched in the name of the Merseyside Medical and Dental Club, which, with headquarters at 102, Kirkdale Road, Liverpool, has already extended its activities as far afield as Hull, Cardiff, Queen's Ferry, Mold and Limerick, in the Irish Free State.

According to literature now before me, this club's chief aim is to provide members with medical attention and medicines, but dental and optical treatment can also be arranged "under special concessions."

In addition, there is an investment and loan section, under which those with ten weeks' membership may apply for a loan to enable them to obtain any special treatment they may require.

Although numerous members have been enrolled and medical men have been approached by agents in most of the areas I have mentioned, the whole scheme is a preposterous fraud.

I have received heartrending letters from people who have been victimised in this scheme.

Unrecognised

Writing from Hull, one poor fellow, an employee-investor who greatly regrets having any dealings with the club, laments that he is now penniless.

Equally poignant are the stories from club members who have found themselves unable to obtain the free medical attention they expected when it was needed.

"We were all stricken with influenza and could not get a doctor to accept us as club members" is the complaint of a family in Upper Canning Street, Liverpool.

And the contribution cards of many victims show how their so-called district medical officers have been changed repeatedly as doctor after doctor has dissociated himself from the scheme.

Yet, in certain instances, it has been suggested that the Merseyside Medical and Dental Club enjoys the support of the General Medical Council, branches of the British Medical Association and the Dental Board of the United Kingdom.

Investigations conducted by my department show, however, that these claims to official recognition are entirely fictitious.

And I happen to know that the Liverpool division of the British Medical Association has passed a special resolution that no medical practitioner in that area should accept an appointment with the club.

It holds that the terms and conditions are "contrary to the best interests of the medical profession."

I heartily endorse this view; yet I note that the name, address, telephone number and surgery hours of one prominent doctor appear on the printed contribution cards issued to club members, and that he is described as "medical officer" to the club.

This was done without his authority. He granted an interview to a club representative in the early stages when the question was certainly discussed. But the doctor never accepted any appointment, and when he learnt that his name was being used in canvassing members, he took immediate steps to stop it.

The names of many other prominent doctors have been listed as district medical officers for this ambitious club. Doubtless they were misled at the outset into supposing that it had semi-official recognition, and in this they have been grievously deceived.

A number, I know, have hastened to dissociate themselves from the venture, but I need hardly stress the impression that the misuse of their names has created.

All the time that the Merseyside Medical and Dental Club has been busily enrolling members, it has shown activity in other directions.

It has advertised for partners, agents, local district superintendents, collectors and canvassers, and I have several instances before me in which applicants have been induced to pay cash deposits in order to secure an appointment.

One such advertisement, which appeared in a Yorkshire newspaper, calls for a "partner" with £100 deposit.

Amazing scheme

Surely it is a little disquieting, to say the least, to find a supposedly reputable medical club stooping to practise the employment-with-investment trick which has been so often condemned in these pages?

Nor is this the limit of this club's amazing enterprise. One of its schemes for extending its membership consisted of a door-to-door tea-selling campaign.

A special brand was offered at 2s. a pound, and purchasers were thereby to qualify for full membership of the club with all its privileges and benefits.

This ingenious offer of medical, dental and optical services "with a pound of tea" ceased when the wholesalers failed to obtain a settlement of their account.

As they were supplying the tea at 9d. a pound, it will be seen that the club's offer was not so altruistic as might at first be imagined!

What, then, is the real constitution of this singular movement?

Much use is made of the blessed word "registered." Its literature gives its "registered number" as 333,763, while the window of its headquarters is conspicuously emblazoned with the words, "Reg. Office."

One-man show

All this sounds very official, and might lead the uninitiated to suppose that the concern was properly registered as a friendly society.

Actually it has no such status, but is simply registered as a "business name"—a formality requiring no greater outlay than 5s.!

And far from being the genuinely organised scheme it appears on the surface, it is really a one-man venture. There is no committee; no governing board. Everything is in his sole control.

He is Percival Morris, alias Philip Morris, but his name does not figure in any of the club's printed matter now before me.

I shall show presently why he prefers to remain modestly behind the scenes, but first I must explain that the "D. Morris" who figures in the club's affairs as "secretary" is his son, who only recently attained his majority.

When still a minor, in fact, he was being used as a cat's-paw for his father to sign or initial documents and correspondence. But he has no real say in the club's administration and functions simply as his father's agent.

"Ghastly swindle"

Why should Percival Morris be so modest? Why should he prefer to control his ambitious undertaking from behind the scenes?

The answer is that this is not his first excursion into this particular field of finance, and his record in the past has been far from good.

In fact, it is not so long since he emerged from jail after serving a six months' sentence as a result of his connection with a concern called the Midland Thrift and Benefit Friendly Society, about which I issued a warning three years ago.

Morris was then prosecuted on behalf of the Registrar of Friendly Societies and convicted on six summonses, including a charge of misappropriation of funds.

The stipendiary magistrate before whom he appeared had some severe comments to make.

"You have received as much money as possible from as many people as possible," he declared, "and what has become of it nobody seems to know."

He characterised the whole thing as "a ghastly swindle."

This, then, is the record of the man who has founded the Merseyside Medical and Dental Club, and who is actually controlling its destinies from behind the scenes.

I sincerely trust that the authorities will find it possible to take immediate steps to stop his new attempt to impose upon the public.

A NAUTICAL TWIST

AN exceptionally impudent impostor is at present engaged in defrauding tradesmen in South Wales. His trick is an old one, but it has seldom been carried out with so much effrontery.

The man has been operating in both Cardiff and Barry during recent weeks, and has successfully victimised traders in both ports.

Some idea of his effrontery may be gathered from a coup he carried out at Barry.

He called on a local wireless dealer, stated that he had just come into port after a long voyage, and desired to buy a present for his aged parents.

He was dressed in seafaring costume, gave the name of his boat, and also the names and address of his parents in Barry. He wished, he said, to present them with a wireless set, and the trader obligingly demonstrated several.

Eventually the bluff sailorman agreed to take a certain set and asked for it to be delivered to his parents at the address he had given.

Then, in a casual, off-hand manner, he reminded the trader that seamen are not paid immediately their vessel touches port, and asked for the loan of 10s., which would be refunded when payment was made on delivery for the wireless set.

Leaving the wireless store, he next entered a men's wear shop only a few doors away, and supplemented his usual tale with the information that he had been *recommended to call there by the wireless trader!*

He was measured for a suit of clothes, and the tailor was asked to send it along to the parents' address. After which, of course, followed the usual request for a loan until the goods were delivered.

Similar coups have been carried out in Cardiff, where he has been using the name of "Williams" and has been giving an address in one of the city's best-known residential quarters.

Apparently he is content with small, quick profits, for he rarely asks for a loan of more than 10s.

Traders in other seaports should be on their guard against him.

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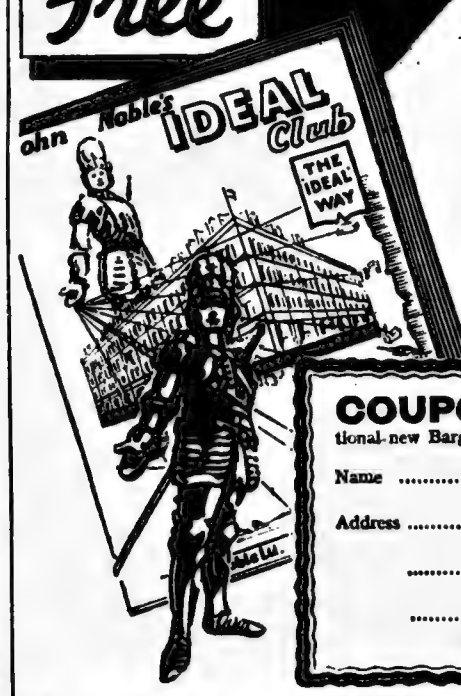

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MAIL ORDER TRADERS. Advertisements inserted in 50 Provincial newspapers or London Suburban, 7/10. Welsh 3/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free. Write for Prospectus 60, Buttolph & Dickson, 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. (Chancery 8113.)

PRINTING. MEADS, lowest prices. Room 60, 2/6 1,000. Handbills, Memos, Dup. samples 2d. SANDY. Books, Catlgs., etc.

PRINTING.—Billheads, Handbills, Cards, 2/6 1,000. All printing. Samples free.—Stanley Osborne & Co., Millbrook Street, Gloucester.

FREE. — New List of Printing for Sports, Shows, Fetes, Galas, etc.—Write, Stafford & Co., Ltd., Netherfield, Nottingham.

BARGAIN SALES.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES, 1½ lb, 4/6, for Socks, etc. Steel Grey, 2/4. Colours from 2/11 lb., post free. Patts., Wools, Serges, Tweeds.—Egerton Burnetts, W.B. W'house, Wellington, Som.

CARNIVAL Dance and Party Novelties, Balloons. Send for free bargain list. "UNEEDUS," 70/72, Arundel Street, PORTSMOUTH.

PEACH PRODUCTIONS. See 1933 New Catalogue Curtains, Nets, Casements, Cretonnes, Muslins, Linens, Finest Selection.—S. PEACH & SONS, LTD., 141, The Looms, NOTTINGHAM.

6/6.—MEN'S Stout Working Boots from actual manufacturers. Special 1-week offer. List Free.—Alvista Boot Co., Broadway, WELLINGBORO'.

5/- DOWN brings you THE "HALF PRICE" OAK BEDROOM SUITE. For full particulars of this wonderful offer see Hardy's advertisement in *John Bull's* "Shop Window." This is one of the many bargains offered to our readers on page 3.

FREE.—Fill in the coupon in the "BERKELEY" CHAIR advt. on p. 35 for illus. Cat., patterns and partics. of the Home and Easy Chair Models illustrated, both obtainable for a few shillings down and easy monthly payments.

READERS' attention is drawn on p. 25 to the introduction of a new line of "Temeraire" brand Footwear advertised by John White, of Rushden, makers of the famous "Impregnable" Footwear.

SEND a P.C. to the Hercules Cycle and Motor Co., Ltd., Britannia Works, Aston, Birmingham, for a free copy of their superb Catalogue. Mention *John Bull* when writing. The offer appears in the advt. on p. 31.

GARDEN LOVERS should write for Sale List offered by TURRELL'S on p. 33. Mention *John Bull* when writing. Other clearance sale offers also appear in the advt.

WIRELESS & MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES & Radiograms, How to make cheaply. Motors 7/6. Kits, parts, Repairs. 64-pp. ill Drawings 3d. Regentbull, 120, Old St., Ldn., EC1.

FILL in the coupon in the LISSEN RADIO advt. on p. 28 for a free copy of 1/- Chart illustrating the "Skyscraper" Kit Set.

FREE.—Fill in the coupon in the COLUMBIA RADIO advt. on p. 27 for full details of the Battery Model 233 illustrated. This can be obtained for only 20/- down.

DRESS.

REAL HARRIS and Lewis Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free.—Harris Tweed Depot, 1, James St., Stornoway.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES. 30/-, 75 Home-made garments. Worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc., etc. Everything complete and ready for use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers, send 2/- for parcel on approv. (Bal. cash or terms).—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 68, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA.—Finest quality Indian and Ceylon Blended 2/- Tea, 4 lb. 6/-, 10 lb. 12/6, carr. pd. Special quotations for large quantities & Packet Teas. Portway Tea Co., 72, Portway, London, E.15.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a specialist's Positive and Permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly removing the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply, or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, the Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

BLADDER WEAKNESS, Kidney Trouble, etc., cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy, 1/3, 3/-. Boots, etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool. Spl. 2d.

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INFLUENZA.—Vapo Cresolene gives quicker relief and prevents lung complications.—Write for free Booklet No. 29H to Allen & Hanburys, Ltd., London, E.C.3.

PILES relieved instantly by the wonderful Hemosol Treatment. No ointment, medicine nor appliance. Send 1½d. stamp for Free Booklet on this remarkable discovery.—Hemosol Laboratories, 1, Ramsden Road, London, S.W.12.

AFTER INFLUENZA proper nutrition is a vital necessity. "Allenburys" Diet is a perfectly balanced food, containing all the essentials to hasten recovery. Send 3d. stamps for ½-lb. trial sample.—Allen & Hanburys, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.5), 37, Lombard Street, London, E.C.3.

CATARRH.—I cured myself completely. Head Noises, Spitting, Catarrhal Deafness, Nose Stuffiness, etc. I will gladly tell sufferers how to overcome this dangerous disease, simply, quickly, permanently.—F. ROBINSON, Suite 31D, Park Avenue, Auchenflower, Brisbane, Australia.

ARE YOU RUPTURED? Try the Blunden Surgical Appliance for 7 days and test it before you pay. Write or call for Free Booklet, "Rupture and its Treatment."—Blunden Surgical Appl. Co. (Dept. 329B), 9/15, Oxford St., London, W.1.

NERVOUSNESS.—If you suffer from Weak Nerves, Depression, Worry, Morbid Fears, Shyness, etc., send 3d. for my book on "Nerves."—Mr. Rivers (J.B.94), 40 Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.1.

SUFFERERS from Hæmorrhoids should not overlook the "FYLITNA" offer on p. 34.

FREE.—Pennings' "Every Mother's Book" and "Everybody's Doctor." See p. 37.

READERS' attention is drawn to the announcement of BOOTS', the largest firm of Dispensing Chemists in the world, on p. 10. Particular care is taken to produce the purest quality tested medicines.

SAMPLES of "Zeekol" Ointment and Pills, together with samples of "Zeekol" Medicated Soap and "Doge" Face Cream, will be sent on receipt of the coupon appearing in the advt. on the Back Cover. Be sure to enclose necessary postage.

FREE.—Write for partics. and leaflet about PHILLIPS' PURE LIVE YEAST, obtainable of all chemists, to Phillips Yeast Products, Ltd., Park Royal Road, London, N.W.10, and be sure to mention *John Bull* when writing. Renew your health and keep fit by taking Phillips' Pure Live Yeast. It increases the energy and vitality of the body and its resistance to disease. Costs only 1d. a day. The advt. appears on p. 14.

A FREE SAMPLE of "Veet" is offered in the advt. on p. 41.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. Bentley & Co., 7a, New Bond St., London, W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANY kind old Gold, Jewellery, Sovereigns, Diamonds, Old False Teeth, Platinum Scrap bought. Highest cash per return.—Bell's, Headrow, Leeds.

DUKE'S JELLIED ALMONDS. You can't stop eating them. All Sweet Shops.

FREE.—Send for the illus. booklet showing over 100 Free Gifts offered in exchange for coupons from ROWNTREE'S COCOA.—Write to Rowntree & Co., Ltd., Dept. J.B.5, York. See p. 25.

A VALUABLE PRESENT FREE to every woman reader of this paper. A special de luxe beauty outfit containing Tokalon preparations will be sent to every reader filling in the coupon in the advt. on p. 37. Be sure to attach 3d. in stamps to cover postage and packing. Post the coupon now.

ALL for 6d. POST FREE. A "Shavex" outfit, consisting of 10 days' supply of Shavex, new Patent Razor and 1 Shavex Blade. This offer appears on the Back Cover.

ON p. 24 the Waverley Book Co. offer to send 5 vols. of "Music of All Nations" to examine for 7 days without obligation. You may then either return the books or keep them on exceptionally easy terms—less than 1½d. a day. Readers who wish to avail themselves of this offer should use the coupon in the advt.

A FREE TRIAL PACKET of "Bondman" Empire Blend Tobacco will be sent on receipt of a p.c. addressed to Richard Lloyd and Sons, Topmast Tobacco Factory, 83, Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.1. This offer appears in the advt. on p. 27.

"A NEW Way of Living" is the title of a booklet which will be sent free on application to The Kellogg Co., Ltd., Bush House, London, W.C.2. Simply send a p.c. Mention *John Bull* when writing. The offer appears on p. 31.

A FREE SAMPLE of Harlene Camomile Golden Hairwash will be sent in return for the coupon in the advt. on p. 34.

Sane Mother Freed from ASYLUM

NO set of documents is more treasured in the offices of JOHN BULL than a file of letters of gratitude from the relatives of men and women and boys and girls who had been wrongfully imprisoned in lunatic asylums and who were released only when we intervened.

Because the lunacy laws of this country, which permit of any citizen or child being put away upon the slightest pretext, are so tyranically administered, every fight we have waged for the freedom of innocent victims has had to be long and intense.

Until this one took place. . . .

It lasted four days. Then a mother was restored to her family from which she had been separated in outrageous circumstances for almost two years.

A JOHN BULL representative was present a few days ago when the asylum gates were opened for her to pass out and be received in her husband's arms.

He saw her after a fast journey home reunited to her children, the oldest of whom is ten. It was one of those scenes which live in the memory of a witness.

A Stranger . . .

No one expected the return of the mother. The little ones had been told that she was in hospital and after two years they had come to believe that they would never see her again.

"Mother!" "Mumsie!" "Mammie!"

The mother went on her knees the better to take the embraces of her children.

While they clung to her neck a woman went to a cot in a corner and brought out a baby not yet two years old.

Still on her knees, the mother took the little bundle and held it at arm's length for a moment. "Baby mine!" she cried and crushed it to her.

The child whimpered and drew itself back as if instinctively revolting against the too-powerful attentions of a stranger.

It did not know its own mother. It had been taken away from her just after it was born in the lunacy ward.

And only four days before this reunion JOHN BULL had set on foot the investigation why this woman had ever been and should be kept imprisoned in an asylum and prevented from all access to her husband and children.

It may be said by the lunacy authorities that their sudden decision to liberate her only coincided with the completion of our enquiry into the astounding circumstances in which they had been holding her a prisoner. Let them say so. Our readers can judge from the facts.

There certainly has never been a case before in which any person was so hurriedly surrendered from an asylum.

Until we began probing the facts four days before, and the authorities became aware of our activities, there was no manifest intention of freeing this woman.

Held Captive

We began the effort to obtain her release after verifying certain statements in a letter beseeching our help received from the husband—Mr. James Ranson, a collier, of Wolfe Row, Parr, near St. Helens in Lancashire.

First we approached the Board of Lunacy Control in London. That was a sheer formality, because these despots seldom order an asylum prisoner to be given up until the utmost compulsion is applied.

We asked at their offices why Mrs. Ranson was being held captive, and the usual reply was given that in no

Mrs. Doris Ranson—It is no wonder she rebelled. But she suffered two years' captivity

circumstances could such information be publicly given.

Next we sent to the Ministry of Health for an explanation. Even the Ministers of the Crown dare not meddle with the all-powerful autocracy of the Board of Control. The Ministry confessed itself impotent.

Then JOHN BULL sent a representative into Lancashire to get the facts first-hand.

Houseless

Unquestionably, our determination to have the iniquity of Mrs. Ranson's detention proved and exposed came to the knowledge of those responsible for it.

They tried to temper their speed in ending the scandal by proposing to transfer her from one asylum to another "preliminary to final release."

This manœuvre did not come off.

Next day Mrs. Ranson was released unconditionally. They literally rushed her out of the asylum.

But disappointment awaits anyone who hoped by this unprecedented action to stifle the truth being made known about the case of this woman.

Mrs. Ranson was put in a lunatic asylum virtually because she rebelled against being condemned to bring up her family in an industrial slum.

When James Ranson and she married eleven years ago, they had no reason to fear the future. Both came from families whose names were linked for generations with the development of coal mining in Lancashire.

At that time there was talk there and in every industrial district of splendid new housing plans by which the working classes were to be promoted from slumdom to clean and decent dwellings. The young couple believed that one of the new houses would be for them.

Like so many hundreds of thousands more they found that such new homes as were built were reserved for people better off than an ordinary miner or his class.

Children came, three in all, and Mr. Ranson could no longer continue to be dependent on the relatives who had so far been providing him with a home.

With his family he joined that vast drifting army of houseless people who provide plunder for vampire landlords in the hideous slums of the industrial areas.

For a so-called furnished kitchen and bedroom, not much bigger, than large packing-cases, he seldom paid less than 15s. weekly.

Our representative examined the homes which the family had to occupy during those years. No wonder Mrs. Ranson rebelled.

At one place she was turned out because she dared to wash her baby's clothes and put them out to dry. The owner of this rat-hole said its tenants must send their washing to a laundry—the steam from the copper might cause the tottering walls to cave in.

Mrs. Ranson went to the town hall. She made "scenes" when the officials blandly said nothing could be done to lift her and her children out of the foul conditions. "You are luckier than many," she was told.

Two years ago the Ransons did get a Council house. They had occupied it less than a month when disaster came.

On the last day of the school term, Mrs. Ranson went to the school to fetch her child home.

There is abundant evidence that the child had at that time one of those cheap leatherette coats which are commonly worn by school-children in the poorer quarters of the towns.

From a peg in the dressing-room Mrs. Ranson took what she believed was her daughter's coat and put it on the child.

In the first days of the holiday period, a policeman called at the house and asked to examine the coat. Mrs. Ranson discovered then that she had taken the wrong garment.

Injustice

She was summoned for theft and remanded for fourteen days during which her "record" was collected. The lunacy authorities saw a chance to capture and subdue a rebel.

Mrs. Ranson was described as a "convicted thief." That was true. Years before she had lived at a pithead and with hundreds of other women scraped for coal in a mound of *débris* and refuse which had been there since the pit was sunk half a century ago.

The colliery owners wanted to "make an example" of the miners' wives who took the rubbish, and when they were prosecuted each was fined 10s.

It was also said that Mrs. Ranson had been "found wandering" and had threatened suicide.

Also true. She fled from the awful place where her family was being reared. Her husband, alarmed, informed the police, who found her in a few hours.

She told them, as she had often told the officials at the town hall, that the conditions in which her family had to live for want of a house of their own were enough to drive any mother to suicide.

"Ah!" said the authorities. "She must be mad or feeble-minded. Put her away in an asylum."

Separated

Mrs. Ranson at that time was about to become the mother of a fourth child. It was born in the lunacy ward, and, although she was nursing it herself, the baby was taken away from her after three weeks.

This was the child who did not know her when she returned home so unexpectedly from the asylum a few days ago.

But her "home" is now no longer the nice bright Council house where she lived for about a month before this dreadful thing happened. The tenancy of it had to be surrendered when she was sent to the asylum, and the family is back in the slums, six of them sharing two tiny rooms with two other people.

The authorities must make adequate amends for the shameful wrongs which this mother has been made to suffer. Their first step should be to restore the home which was lost by a monstrous act of injustice.

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES

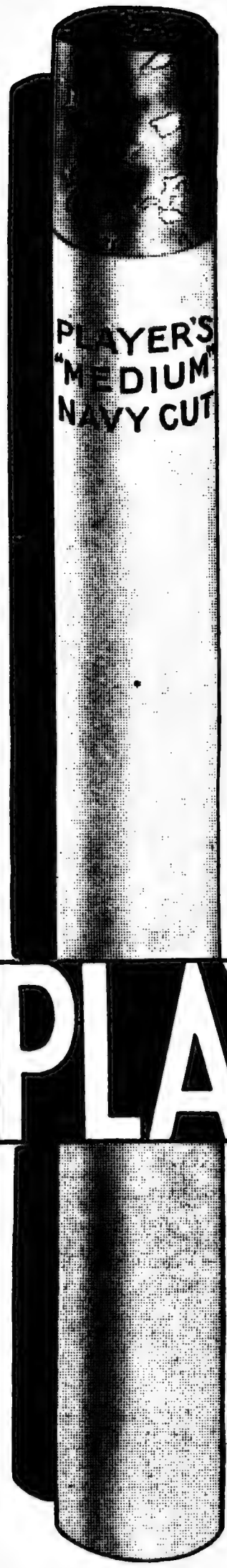
for "John Bull" Readers

HAVE you yet completed your voucher for the New Illustrated Universal Reference Book? Be sure to send it off the very moment the last token is pasted down. Already early applicants have received their copies and are sending us letters of congratulation and thanks.

The illustration reproduced herewith is a very much reduced photograph of a beautiful double-page colour plate from the Art Supplement in the de luxe Edition of this great reference book—a supplement in which sixteen masterpieces of international art are reproduced in full colours.

This magnificent de luxe Edition also contains the special photogravure supplement of the wonders of the world, and the many other special fascinating new features, and is beautifully bound in hand-finished antique crimson art leather embossed in gold.

Owing to the enormous demand for this de luxe edition, the number of copies available has been increased so that every reader who wishes to do so may now secure the New Illustrated Universal Reference Book in this superb edition.



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"I use Alluhr, and every girl who takes pride in perfect grooming should do the same."

Anne Grey

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ALLUHR COSTS LITTLE AND IS SPEEDY

Alluhr lasts up to FIVE TIMES longer than other hair removers. It can be applied whilst you are waiting for the bath to fill—or when changing your frock for the dance—remember ALLUHR LEAVES NO UNPLEASANT ODOUR.

ANNE GREY, THE CELEBRATED FILM STAR

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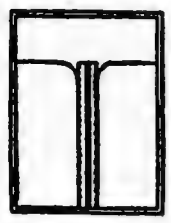

Enlarged section of hair cut by razor.

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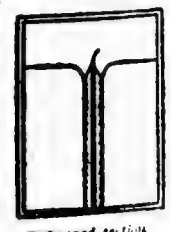
Buy a box of ALLUHR from your retailer to-day, and if you are not entirely satisfied and return the box within seven days, he will refund your money IN FULL.



Enlarged section of hair treated with Alluhr.

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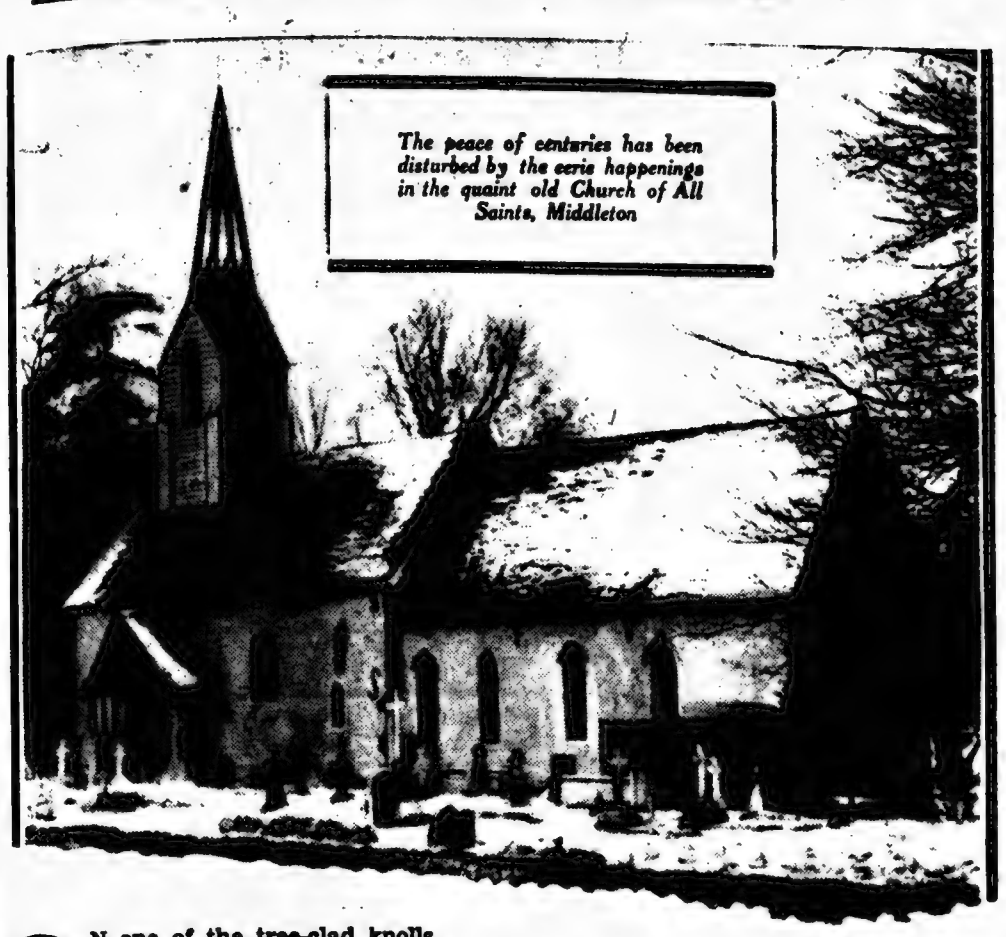
BRITANNIA LABORATORIES (Dept. 405), 13, Little Titchfield Street, London, W.1

A Scandalised Village:

RECTOR *who* SEES ANGELS



The peace of centuries has been disturbed by the eerie happenings in the quaint old Church of All Saints, Middleton

ON one of the tree-clad knolls of the rolling country through which the river Stour carves the border of Essex and Suffolk stands the village that is divided against itself.

It is called Middleton, and a memorial to the Bishop of Chelmsford is being prepared by a section of the villagers, demanding an enquiry into the whole circumstances connected with certain strange happenings in the parish and the eerie manifestations of the supernatural which, it is claimed, have taken place.

At the foot of the village, down a gentle slope of tangled undergrowth, lies its little tenth-century church of All Saints, surrounded by irregular mounds of ancient graves. To the east, bordered by urn-topped, moss-grown walls, is a lake; and to the south, across smooth lawns, stands the square, grey-stoned rectory.

A beautiful spot, sheltered by oaks and elms so tall that the church's wooden spire scarcely outsteps their topmost branches!

For uncounted generations the villagers have descended the slope each Sunday to worship in the church.

Great dispute

The stones beneath its graceful Norman arched doorway are worn smooth, alike by the feet of the present inhabitants and of their forbears who lie in the churchyard beneath granite slabs from which wind and weather have long since washed their very names.

Remote from main roads, Middleton has hitherto led a sequestered existence. Little has disturbed the even tenor of its way, and not for generations has its church been other than the haven of those who sought rest.

Now all that has changed.

Middleton finds itself the focus of many eyes, a disturbing enough event to quiet country folk.

Police mount guard over the church, and the uneventful Sunday walk to worship has suddenly become an affair of tremendous moment, a matter of taking sides in a great dispute that already has spread far outside the parish boundary.

It is something that is noted by one's neighbours, and may even mean the interruption of long friendships.

With the coming of the present rector, the Rev. Frank Clive Luget, to the living of All Saints about eighteen months ago, changes were introduced into the church services. Belonging to the High Church section of the Anglican faith, he naturally conducted his services in consonance with his doctrinal beliefs.

These appeared strange and unusual to the parishioners, some of whom ceased attending, preferring to walk the two or three miles to the church at Henny.

Unrest

This caused a vague sense of unrest in the village, which was intensified recently, when rumours of untoward happenings at the rectory began to be whispered about.

These took a definite shape the other day, when the rector boldly announced that he had been a beholder of visions.

He had seen angels and cherubs in the vicinity of the church, he declared, and had even beheld a vision of the Crucifixion in the sky.

A figure, sometimes garbed in blue and sometimes in white, he asserted, frequently appeared on the Gospel side of the altar during morning and evening services, and had also been seen walking on the lawn, surrounded by a bluish light.

The Rev. Frank Luget describes this figure as that of a beautiful lady dressed as a simple Jewish maiden of Biblical days, and declares his belief that it is the Blessed Virgin Mary.

These visions, the rector maintains, first appeared towards the beginning of last December. On the first occasion, he says, the figure was standing on the slope which leads up to the village.

Luminous vision

Two days later Dr. Thornber, the organist and churchwarden, the rectory housekeeper's youthful son, and the rector were in the rectory dining-room, when it was lit by a brilliant light.

They rushed to the window, and there, on the mound, it is declared, saw the figure clad in white, with a blue veil thrown about her head.

Dr. Thornber went outside and walked across the grass towards the vision, and when, it is said, he was within a few feet the figure lifted its hands, as if in blessing, and he was thrown off his feet. The figure then slowly ascended the tree-covered slope and disappeared towards the village.

Although these visions appeared early in December, and had been appearing almost constantly ever since, it was not until a recent Sunday that the rector made them public.

Speaking on the text, "What went ye out for to see," he told of these miraculous manifestations. The air in the church was heavy with the incense used in the service, the candles on the altar flickered fitfully, casting moving shadows over the blue and white cloths that hang on either side.

In the subdued light from the stained-glass windows, the choir, through the beautiful Norman arch of the nave, seemed veiled in mystery.

The rector, in recounting these experiences of the supernatural—the visions of angels hovering over the altar, of groups of cherubs floating among the oaken rafters, of the "beautiful visions of Our Lady" standing inside the altar rails, and of seeing the Crucifixion in the sky—spoke with ecstasy and profound reverence.

His story held the congregation spellbound, until one girl broke into hysterics and had to be carried from the church, while another, almost overcome, had to rest in the open air of the porch.

With the rector's public announcement of these visions the smouldering resentment of a section of the villagers found definite voice, and the village lined up into two camps.

Strange dreams

The rector is supported by several members of the choir, his housekeeper's son, Dr. Thornber, and his seven-year-old son, who has seen the visions in dreams.

These dreams of the organist's boy, the rector declares, have enabled them to reconstruct the church as it was in Saxon and Norman days.

This seven-year-old lad, it is said, marked on the walls with pencil the exact site of ambrys, or niches for sacred vessels, and hagioscopes, or lepers' squints, holes through which the lepers, not permitted in the church, used to watch the Mass.

He also foretold that a spring would burst forth near the rectory door, then dry up and again burst forth. Such a spring did appear for a few days and then dry up.

These things are regarded as evidence that the visions are real, and not phantoms of the imagination.

Since being visited by these dreams the lad, according to his father, has become strangely temperamental, but previously he was a normal boy.

The rector, also, delving into the history of the church, has discovered that its old name was not All Saints, but the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, and he has recently so called it.

A big section of the villagers are openly hostile to these claims, and the feelings range from amused incredulity to bitter resentment.

Old inhabitants claim that the miraculous spring has been seen near the rectory door several times before, and that it is caused by the rise of water in the lake.

One man, who has worked for the rectors of Middleton for years, says that he has been in the church and round the rectory and graveyard at all times of the day and night, and has never seen anything out of the ordinary.

A postman, who has made his rounds of the village in both dusk and daylight, openly flouts the idea, and, like others of the neighbourhood, cites the story of the Borley ghost.

Some years ago the then rector at Borley declared that he saw the figures of a woman and two headless coachmen walking on the lawn. Credence was given to this by the story of an old tragedy of the Middle Ages in the neighbourhood. The incident caused a sensation in the district, and eventually led to riotous scenes outside the parsonage.

Closed church

Other villagers say that the Rev. Frank Luget's visions are part of the High Church views he holds. They object to his services and have refused to call him "Father."

Their objections have culminated in demonstrations against the rector, leading to the church services being held under police protection.

Last Sunday week, after morning service, the rector announced that the church would be closed for the remainder of the day and the grounds locked.

In the afternoon a great demonstration was staged outside the church gates, attended by a large number of villagers and people from adjoining parishes.

After speeches, prayers and the reading of the proposed petition to the Bishop of Chelmsford, the crowd forced the gates of the church ground and swarmed round the church and rectory. For a time it seemed that ugly scenes must follow, but the tact and efficiency of the local constable prevailed and the demonstrators departed peaceably.

A petition

The petition to the Bishop demands that the form of service be changed and that the rector be prohibited from altering the name of the church from All Saints to the Church of St. Mary the Virgin.

Thus Middleton has become the centre of a storm ranging around Church practice, and has had the attention of Churchmen all over the country focussed on its hitherto uneventful life.

It does not enjoy the change. It is disturbed at the division and dissension that has thrown it into rival factions.

It wishes to return to its former peaceful obscurity, when it tended its fields and its cattle, untroubled by the controversies that rage in the outside world, and when its old men did not see visions nor its young men dream dreams.

DAILY HERALD GREAT 'ON-TO-PROSPERITY' CONTEST

£50 A WEEK FOR LIFE

FIRST PRIZE

OR

£25,000 CASH DOWN

SECOND PRIZE £250
THIRD PRIZE £100

YOU CAN COUNT THE DAYS TO THE CLOSING DATE . . . HURRY!

ENTRY FEE . . SIXPENCE

This contest is open to all—the gigantic first prize MUST BE WON. If the winner is NOT a registered reader of the "Daily Herald" the first prize is £20,000 or £40 a week for life. If the winner IS a registered reader the first prize is increased to £25,000 or £50 a week for life. You can become a registered reader and so become eligible for the extra £5,000 or increased LIFE PENSION by filling in the Registration Forms which will be found in the "Daily Herald."

DON'T BE TOO LATE FOR A FORTUNE

A glittering fortune—£50 a week for life or £25,000 cash—is the colossal first prize in this great Contest to Help the Hospitals.

THERE is no time to lose if you would seize this golden opportunity, for this contest is now in its last days. Act NOW before you reach the "stop" signal on the road to riches! Fill in the entry form on the right and post at once.

All you are asked to do is to select the 12 best out of the 28 Prosperity Slogans on the Entry Form on the right. Indicate your choice by placing 12 crosses only in each entry column you complete. There is no order of merit required. Use your judgment and skill and win a fortune. Every reader of "John Bull" may enter for this gigantic contest, and competitors may send in as many entries as they wish.

The full amount of the prize-money and the pension offered in this great contest is guaranteed by the "Daily Herald," and every penny of the profits will be distributed by The British Charities Association amongst Hospitals throughout the country.

In a very short time from now a telegram will be despatched to the winner of this colossal contest. Will it come to you? Will it bring the glad tidings that you are the winner of £25,000 or £50 a week for life? Enter now on the form on the right and the thrill of a lifetime may be yours!

HANDSOME SURPRISE

for "John Bull" Readers

The special offer of a Handsome Surprise is now extended for the last days of this Contest. Every entrant **completing** the six entries on the form on the right will receive a handsome surprise, suitable for either a lady or a gentleman. Seize this amazing opportunity while there is yet time. FILL IN THE FORM ON THE RIGHT AND CATCH THE NEXT POST.

Further Entry Forms appear each day in the "Daily Herald."

Rules & Conditions

(1) Entry Form must be filled in as directed in ordinary ink and must not be mutilated or altered. **TWELVE CROSSES ONLY** must be written in the blank spaces provided in any one column used.

(2) Spaces for up to Six entries have been provided on this form, and the subscription for the competition is sixpence per entry. Postage stamps cannot be accepted in payment of the entry money. Entries may only be made on printed forms provided.

(3) In the case of a competitor sending in insufficient money to cover all the entries made by him, the Association will treat each number of his entries as would be covered by the entry money received as proper entries in the Competition, the remaining entries being disqualified. The entries eligible to be selected will be from No. 1 upwards to the total of the entry fee paid.

(4) Entrants must write their name and usual address on each Entry Form, and all completed Entry Forms must be neatly cut out and sent by the competitor to **Dept. J.B., THE BRITISH CHARITIES ASSOCIATION, 100, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).**

(5) After the close of the Competition the list of 28 slogans will be submitted to a Committee of Experts, who will decide the best Twelve. The competitor whose twelve selections in any one entry column agree or most nearly agree with the decision of this Committee will as stated in rule 6 be awarded the first prize, the next nearest will receive the second prize, and so on. The entries will be checked under the supervision of Messrs. Hugh Macrae and Co., Chartered Accountants, London.

(6) In the event of a tie or ties, the prizes so affected will be combined and divided. If the first prize of £20,000 is divided the additional award of £5,000 will also be divided, and only such shares of the additional £5,000 paid to the prize-winners as are won by registered readers of the "Daily Herald." No entrant can win more than one prize or one share of any prize. The alternative Life Pension Prize will be awarded at the option of the winner if the first prize is won outright by one competitor. Should the first prize be shared it will be paid outright in cash.

(7) The British Charities Association reserves the right to disqualify any entrant for reasons which its Council considers good and sufficient and the decision of the Council of the Association upon any point whatsoever shall be accepted as final and legally binding. The Association takes no responsibility for any entry form lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

(8) Employees of The British Charities Association, the "Daily Herald," and its associated Companies and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

(9) The closing date is Tuesday, March 21st, but competitors are requested to send in their entries as early as possible. The names of the prize-winners will be published in the "Daily Herald" on a day to be announced, and every prize-winner will be individually notified.

The complete list of prize-winners will be sent to any competitor who sends a stamped addressed wrapper or label (NOT envelope) to The British Charities Association for this purpose.

(10) Failure to comply with any of the above rules involves disqualification.

CLOSING TUESDAY, MAROH 21—NO CLAIMS REQUIRED.

ORGANISED BY THE BRITISH CHARITIES ASSOCIATION—CHAIRMAN, LORD LUXE

ENTRY FORM. CUT ALONG HERE

Choose the best Twelve of the 28 Slogans below by placing a X against those selected in the blank spaces provided on the right. Each column represents one sixpenny entry. INSERT TWELVE CROSSES ONLY IN EACH COLUMN YOU COMPLETE—OR YOU WILL BE DISQUALIFIED. No order of merit is required. Ink must be used.

		One Entry 6d. ↓	Two Entries 1/- ↓	Three Entries 1/6 ↓	Four Entries 2/- ↓	Five Entries 2/6 ↓	Six Entries 3/- ↓
1	Buy more—and help more to buy more.						
2	Knuckle to—don't knuckle under.						
3	Never mind the business outlook—look out for business.						
4	Use idle money and employ the idle many.						
5	The air of confidence is the finest trade wind.						
6	Will good—and goodwill will follow.						
7	A peace policy is the world's life insurance.						
8	Spend for Prosperity—don't hoard for posterity.						
9	Optimism pays you—pessimism makes you pay.						
10	Help the Hospitals—national health means national wealth.						
11	The tide turns at low water as well as high.						
12	If more work for better times—there'll be more work for all.						
13	Prosperity—will it come? Yes, "will" it.						
14	More spending, more working—more working, more spending.						
15	Kill War debts—revive the world.						
16	Spend wisely now and you'll get a good "deal."						
17	Come down from the clouds and help to lift them!						
18	Pay well—it will pay you!						
19	Let's put Prosperity "on the map" of Britain.						
20	The highway to Prosperity is through every tradesman's door.						
21	Don't wait for Better Times—work for them.						
22	Create confidence by having it.						
23	Trying times are times to try.						
24	Good-bye, gloom—come on, boom!						
25	Determination will bring Prosperity AT last—TO last!						
26	Spenders make money go round—circulation means Prosperity.						
27	Get back by pushing forward.						
28	It'll be a good job for everyone if you find a job for someone.						

You can use this form for one or more entries, but must send entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each attempt.

Insert twelve crosses only in each column you complete. No order of merit required.

I agree to abide by the Rules and enclose

P.O. Number..... Value..... covering..... entries

P.O. is crossed /& Co./ and is made payable to the British Charities Association. (Please write clearly in ink.)

Please see that your envelope is sufficiently stamped.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

(Block Letters).....J.B.7.

ADDRESS YOUR ENTRIES (Dept. J.B. 7), THE BRITISH CHARITIES ASSOCIATION, 100, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

Colonel Scarface's GIRL DUPES

SOMEWHERE in Britain to-day Harold Arnold Baxter is planning or executing some kind of heartless fraud. Any JOHN BULL readers who can locate and identify him will render a service to the community if they promptly make known his whereabouts.

Most certainly he will not be found operating in the name of Baxter. He changes his name with the days of the week.

But anyone whom he seeks to rob, which is his daily mission, should not have difficulty in recognising him. He is tall—about 6 ft. 2 in.—with a wealth of glossy, silver hair, and a deep scar from the left jawbone to the mouth.

To reduce its ugly vividness, he constantly powders the scar which, he has told a number of people, is the result of a bayonet-thrust in hand-to-hand fighting in the trenches. This is probably the only true thing he has said about himself for many a long day.

Of all the quick-fire swindlers whom JOHN BULL has been hunting in recent months Baxter has been by far the busiest and most adroit.

Fictitious company

We call him Baxter because it was in that name that he first attracted attention as managing director of a concern called the Metropolitan Business Development Corporation.

No such company existed except on the elegant notepaper which Baxter had printed for it.

Great numbers of shopkeepers were deceived by him, however, into paying fees and deposits for the sale and purchase of businesses.

Other traders who answered the cunning advertisements of the bogus corporation were induced to pay substantial sums to Baxter to have their businesses converted into limited companies for which he undertook to find capital.

When, after a month, this game had been played to dangerpoint, Baxter flitted from the furnished offices which were his headquarters in Holborn, London.

There was no respite in his plunderings. *Next day* advertisements appeared in the newspapers asking people bearing the names of certain Scottish clans to communicate through a box number with a professional genealogist, and to submit all the particulars of their family history which they possessed.

Baxter, of course, was the advertiser and genealogist. His notepaper now described him as Overseas President of the Gaelic Advancement League, but this organisation was only another child of his imagination.

He got in touch, however, with a number of people with Celtic associations, and represented that he had just come to Britain from Banff in the Canadian Rockies, in an effort to trace the heir to a Scottish barony which is in abeyance and to vast estates, comprising townships and mineral lands near Winnipeg.

Wholesale trickery

These, he pretended, had once been the property of a former bearer of the title.

Posing as Lieut.-Colonel Norton McIvor, of the 48th Canadian Highlanders—an invented name and rank—he invited a woman in Essex, the widow of a surgeon who had replied to the advertisement, to meet him in Colchester.

When he received her he was attired in full ceremonial Highland costume, complete with neck and wrist lace frills and a dirk in the hose. His kilt, of hunting Stuart tartan, and his sporran, he said, had been handed down from a forefather who was a chieftain under Bonnie Prince Charlie in the Jacobite rising.

The widow was told that her husband's pedigree would clearly establish her son as the heir to the vacant barony, and she was persuaded to part with £800, realised by the sale of War stock, to allow legal proceedings to begin in the Canadian courts for the restoration of the mythical estates to her family.

Still using the style of Colonel McIvor, the picturesque and plausible rogue collected in the next week £440 from people in Keighley, Yorkshire; Nuneaton, Warwickshire; and Carlisle.

Always he presented himself wearing the Highland regalia, and to these dupes he alleged that they would share in the dormant fortune of their titled ancestor in proportion to the amounts they contributed for the legal battle.

Baxter did not even own the Highland costume which he used as part of his confidence trickery. He had hired it, even to the extent of a Balmoral bonnet, plaid cape, brogues and spats, from a London theatrical outfitter.

For the frauds of the next week—in six weeks he perpetrated coups of five different types—Baxter travelled to North Wales, where in different towns he advertised for travellers to market the products of the Pilgrim Tobacco Company.

Non-existent

As usual, this was a non-existent affair, and the only tobacco it could ever have owned was what Baxter bought for his own consumption.

Yet the notepaper bore the addresses and cable codes of its branches and depots in Antwerp, Berlin, Cairo and Virginia, as well as revealing its directors as Sir Matthew Houghton, Bart., Sir Henry Calderstone, and Squadron-Commander Giles Brodie, D.F.C., D.S.O.

All was fiction.

But by these means Baxter did quite well in gathering deposits from prospective salesmen, most of them from the ranks of the unemployed, who were required to pay the money as security for the quantities of the cigarettes which they believed would be entrusted to them.

His sporran, he said, had been handed down from a forefather who was a chieftain under Bonnie Prince Charlie. Actually it was handed down from the shelves of a theatrical costumier just as this was

Baxter's last exploit in his whirlwind robbery campaign has been a particularly cruel deception.

On this occasion he entered Lancashire as Major Sidney Elton, assistant sales manager of a big firm of manufacturers of toilet preparations.

Again he used the "situations vacant" column in local newspapers over a wide area as the trap for his victims, announcing that women canvassers were required to join in a big publicity drive by a firm of national repute.

He engaged commercial stockrooms as the setting for this swindle, and even went so far as to have a card printed and exhibited at the door of the "showroom" bearing the name of the firm he was falsely representing.

He also lined the stockrooms with dummy cardboard packing-cases, across which he placed specially printed labels to heighten the appearance of genuineness.

Women applicants poured in from Preston, Oldham, Blackburn, Stockport and Liverpool, and were told that, as an advertising device, they would sell the preparations at half-price and receive a minimum wage of £2 10s. weekly.

They were required to return next morning and deposit £1 10s. each as security for the stock they would carry.

Look out for him!

At least 250 women and girls responded with the money, and they were then told to assemble later in the day to receive the goods they were to sell and to hear a lecture on salesmanship.

Richer by about £400 after three days' heartless work, "Colonel Scarface" found no reason to attend the meeting.

All trace of the white-haired, bayonet-scarred scoundrel has been lost for a few days.

As it is by no means likely that his audacity is exhausted, however, the public should be wary of encountering him in other names and guises.

Homely Wisdom—by
Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

SONGS in the NIGHT

GENERAL SEELY tells of a curious experience he had during the war. He was in command of Canadians at the battle of the Somme, and for the purpose of inspecting the enemy's positions he stood one night behind an oak tree on a little knoll.

Suddenly the tense silence was broken by the song of a nightingale. He looked up, and by the light of a crescent moon could see the tiny bird perched on a branch about 6 ft above his head; but, what was stranger still, less than 3 ft. above the watching soldier and within easy reach of his hand was the nightingale's nest with the songster's mate quietly sitting on it.

It was for her benefit, and apparently to keep up her spirits amid new and appalling dangers, that the melody was being trilled.

Then a hellish bombardment began and lasted for a considerable time; yet, incredible as it may seem, the moment the screaming messengers of death ceased their din the brave little nightingale lifted up his voice and sang again.

General Seely rightly remarks that this sweet singer of the woodland, though one of the most timid of feathered creatures, must have overcome his own fears for the sake of cheering his mate: it was love that prompted his song.

I can readily believe this, for I once had a tame canary which was more often out of his cage than in it. We kept his cage door open so that he could come and go to his seed and water as he pleased.

His favourite perch was my finger, and he would sit thereon and carol with all his heart. He would always welcome me with song as soon as I appeared at any hour of the day. He died singing. When he grew very old he tried to greet me as usual one morning, sang a few notes and dropped down dead.

It was a fine way to finish: who could ask a better?

During that awful ordeal of suffering and slaughter on the Western Front to which General Seely refers, I more than once saw something myself which must have made the same impression on him and others which it did on me. It was the contrast in temperament between the French and the British fighting men.

One would meet a French regiment, grim and silent, tramping along through mud and misery without any sort of demonstration. A little farther on one would run into an equal number of British Tommies singing, joking, or giving good-natured chaff to passers-by.

It almost seemed as if the two nations had exchanged their traditional characters—the Frenchman no longer gay, the sober Englishman full of fun. We know well enough why it was.

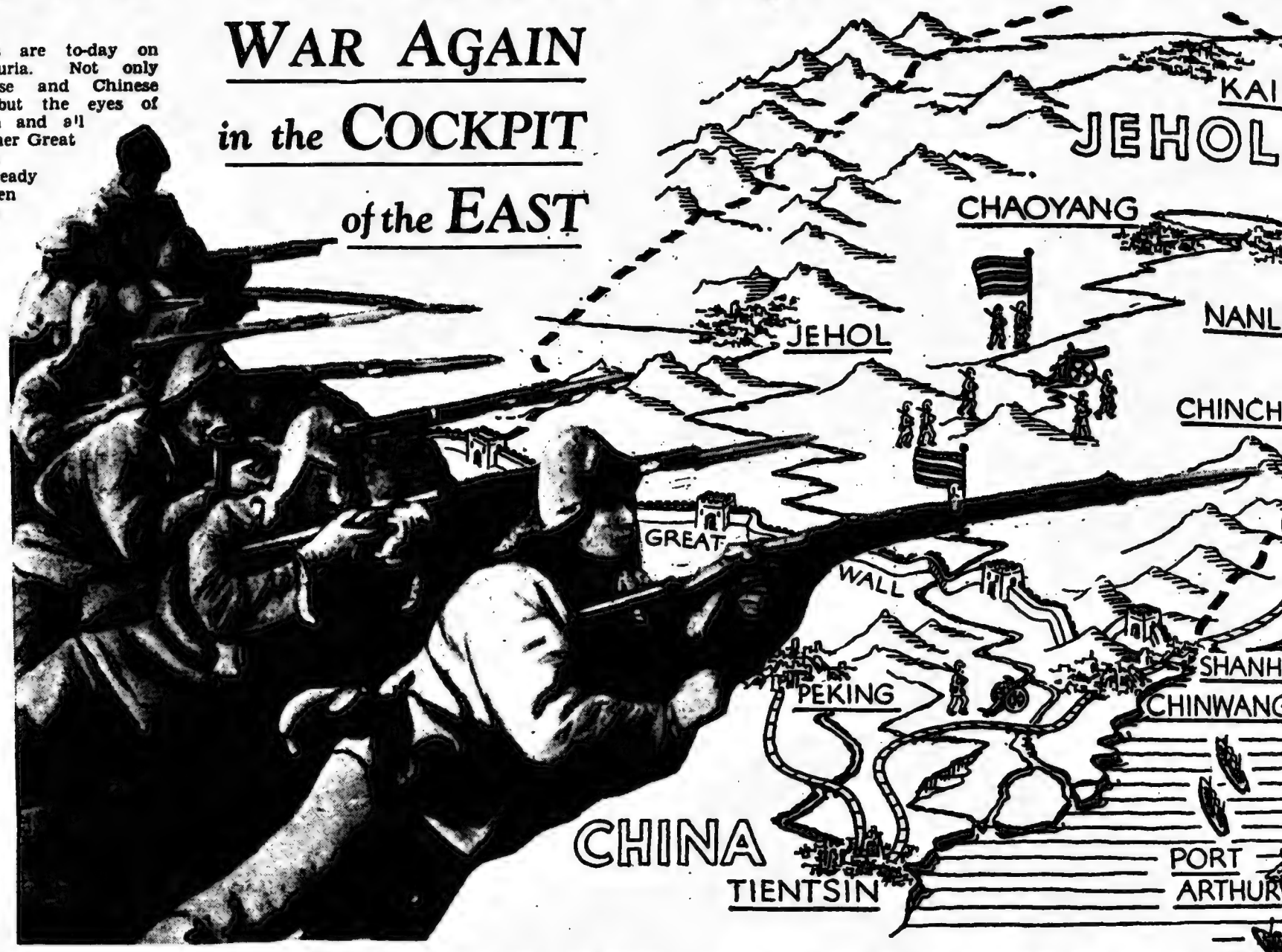
The same spirit is greatly needed just now in our country, for if ever the virtue of endurance was strained to the uttermost it is in the ranks of our three million workless and the other millions of underfed and overtaxed in this homeland of ours.

Metaphorically speaking, the singers that can sing in the night, however dark it is, and however loud the roar of hate and fear, are the burdened heart's greatest benefactors.

And there is no one, however poorly gifted in other ways, but can have his chance of brightening by word or deed the all-pervading gloom. To use it well requires as much grit as the winning of the bloodiest war.

The LAND of the RE

WAR AGAIN in the COCKPIT of the EAST



ALL eyes are to-day on Manchuria. Not only Japanese and Chinese eyes, but the eyes of Britain and all the other Great Powers.

For fighting has already broken out between Japan and China in the Jehol province of this Cockpit of the East. And soon one of the most terrible battles in history may be waged there, a conflict that—if cool heads and the will for Peace do not prevail—might well lead to another world conflagration.

To the world at large that is too awful to contemplate. To the 30,000,000 Manchurians, over whose immense mineral and agricultural wealth foreign nations have been warring as long as these Manchurians can remember, it will simply be one more war among so many.

For long years they have known nothing but war, both civil and international. And for the life of them they cannot think why.

To them their railway trains are merely smoking devils, likely to disturb the eternal sleep of their ancestors—a matter of private vengeance and nothing more. Yet the armies and navies of great far-off nations have come to their door to wage bitter wars over those lines.

Their southern territories are nothing but sullen swamps that exude their own poisons, making it impossible to grow anything on them. Yet because they possess that strange quality known as strategical significance—a phrase that no Manchu and certainly no immigrating Chinese can understand—there have been Nine-Power agreements, Five-Power agreements, Three-Power agreements and endless treaties concerning them.

A puzzled people

Manchuria has agricultural resources capable of maintaining a hundred million people, gold mines among the richest in the world, seas of forests with vast unestimated resources of oak, elm, pine and walnut, grain enough to feed an Empire—yet its inhabitants want nothing more than a job that will yield food for the day and a little to put aside for the famine that never really comes.

Strange that other countries should want to fight about them!

It must look a mad world to these 30,000,000 Manchurians—particularly the one million who are actual Manchus.

Do they but go to their poppy fields singing, all too anxious to wield their wooden spades and hoes so long as no taskmaster tries to dictate a speed, and the world talks of the Opium Menace and describes their crimson pastures as the Land of the Red Death.

If they kill a human being to keep an oath to their forefathers, they risk trouble with the ever-changing authorities. And yet the authorities ask them to kill not in pairs or scores, but in thousands, even where there is no oath of vendetta to one's ancestors.

They pay part of their taxes to their tax-masters in grain, and see five sacks of their best soya beans weigh the weight of one in the cunning scales employed. But if they should take part in a bit of honest banditry when the crops fail—and, after all, banditry is one of the leading industries of the countryside—they are put to death for their pains.

Too ignorant to understand politics, and far too lacking in mental capacity ever to learn, how can they ever hope to know that their country is one of the greatest treasure houses in the world and realise that is the reason why war is always at their door?

Manchuria is more than a strange country. Although there is civilisation in the modern towns, it ends at the fringes of the suburbs. And beyond them—out in the mountains, the swamps and the poppy plantations—life is more mystic and eerie than anything conceived by the romantic novelist.

Millions of crimson slips blow over the countryside, each a relic of a joss stick burnt as a renewed pledge of faith to a dead ancestor. If that pledge should be murder, as an act of vengeance, more and more sticks will be burnt, more and more slips will be carried before the wind, until the terrible promise to the dead has been kept.

Vengeance has actually reached across the sea when a Manchu has sought to flee from it to the Chinatown of some great European or South American city. The crimson slips have flurried for a day or so in a Western street. A blade has glinted. Then a man who has crossed the world for a sanctuary in vain has slipped noiselessly to the floor.

Yes, they know in Manchuria how to keep a promise to the dead. But they do not understand the treaties and international agreements which, interpreted in so many different ways when the time for fulfilment comes, lead to so many wars.

The yellow trek

Nor do they know why the fighting between the Japanese and Chinese armies has broken out again.

What a country it is, this land of the Red Death, the Red Death that comes to-day not only from the poppy, but from the bomb and bayonet as well.

Equal in size to France and Great Britain put together, it is bounded in part in the west by the Great Wall of China, on which the Japanese have already planted their flag. In the north are huge mountains, some 8,000 feet high and always capped with snow. In the south are Port Arthur and most of the strategic points over which Great Powers wrangle.

In summer the climate is as hot as that of Egypt, so that tigers, panthers, wild cats and other tropical beasts abound. In winter it is cruelly cold, sometimes 50 degrees below freezing—cold enough for the breeding of wolves and other heavily furred animals.

Through Manchuria run great rivers—and even they are different in their characteristics from those of other countries.

They widen to as much as a mile from bank to bank, to become so shallow that even the native junks go aground in them. Then they narrow to widths so small that tiny craft go plunging and often overturning in their deep, reckless waters.

Between rivers, between mountains, thinly dotted over the whole face of the countryside are the thirty million inhabitants—counted in noses by the Chinese census. Nine out of ten of them are Chinese. And every year brings another half-million or so more of them, plodding in from China in patient, unwearying columns, in quest not so much of a fortune as the joy of a bare livelihood.

Dangerous country, every bit of it, for any white man—or Jap, too, for that matter!

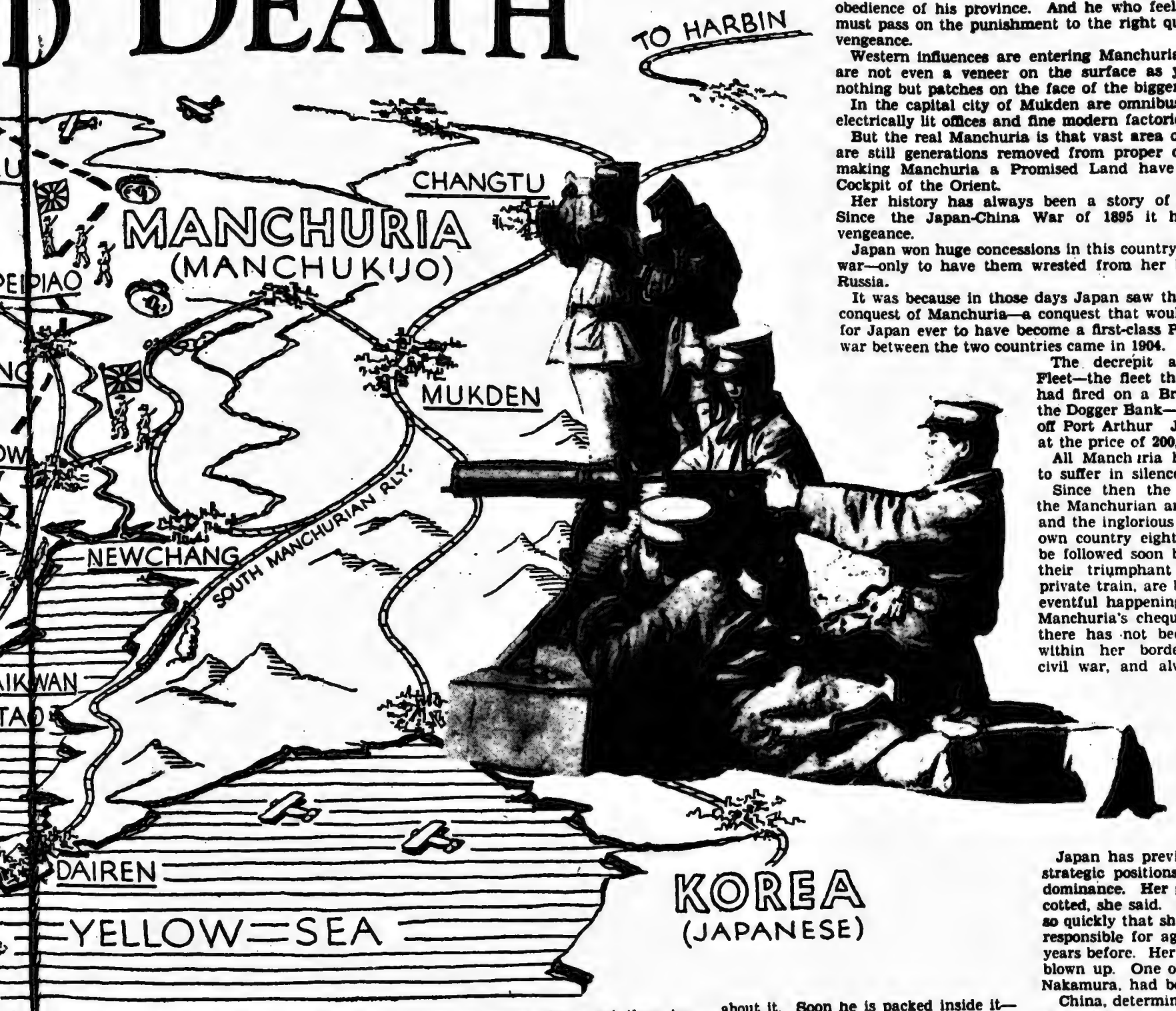
Because you are just as likely to meet a bandit as a peasant, you take the precaution, if you are wise, of taking out a special bandit insurance should you be travelling any distance over fifty miles.

It has been estimated that there are 300,000 bandit noses in Manchuria—fewer pairs of ears, because of the prevalent custom of cutting off those organs. In fact, it has been said that the Eve of this amazing country had two sons, one of whom became a farmer and the other a bandit, who stole the proceeds of his brother's crops.

Banditry is not regarded so much as a crime as a relief from tedious work. That, perhaps, is why the bandits often work so politely.

When they operate in the open country they can be shockingly bloodthirsty and inhuman. But when they descend on a whole town, they present themselves to the local Chamber of Commerce, state their demands, collect their toll, and politely withdraw with it to

D DEATH



This pictorial map will help you to visualise the new Manchurian battle ground—Jehol, for whose possession the yellow men are once again tearing at each other's throats . . .

allow the work of the community to go on as usual.

No good asking for Government assistance! That means troops will be sent, to be billeted in a district at a cost higher than the price demanded by the bandits.

Primitive tracks along which the population pushes its sail-bearing barrows, helped along by the wind, connect the various communities; rutted paths that rot to dust in the hot weather and freeze to iron-hardness in the cold. And everywhere are dotted little three-roomed homes, each a copy of the other.

Talk of central heating as a modern invention—why, these simple Manchurians have never known anything else! The middle room of each home is both hall and kitchen, from which heat is supplied to the rest of the house. And round the two side rooms are platforms of hollow clay on which the occupants sleep, kept warm by radiation from the central fire that never goes out.

A baffling people, a hundred times more simple than the European peasant, and yet able to master a magneto in a month or the complications of a steam-shovel as soon as one is introduced into the nearest big town by some foreign syndicate.

There are beggars in hundreds of thousands among them; yet they, too, are different in their methods. They know something better than to stand about in front of a shop seeking pennies from passers-by. They crowd in dozens round its door in a malodorous, noisy throng, refusing to go until the shopkeeper realises that their presence is driving custom away and buys them off with a handsome gift.

Laugh at them if you will—yet here, in Manchuria, is the really mysterious Oriental of the film and the drama, the Oriental to whom vengeance is a duty, and who exacts it in a blood-curdling manner of his own.

Buried alive

Outside a town a richly furnished car blazes from bonnet to back seat on some lonely country track. The orders of its dead owner are being carried out. His car is going with him, to provide his transport in the next world.

High up in the mountains a wife puts simple food and clothing and the little money she can afford beside the body of her husband. She is a little happier in the knowledge that his future wants will be attended to!

So child-like, so devout in their own primitive way; and yet when vengeance calls . . .

The news soon flies round that a bandit has been caught. Far away from courts and magistrates these Manchurians have a cruel code of justice of their own. They drag their captive to a crude coffin, in which he is to be wedged alive. He does not shriek or struggle, because he is too fatalistic about it. Soon he is packed inside it—not to die, but to live!

They will take him out for a few minutes at a time to save him from dying from his ordeal—but only for just long enough to save him. They will feed him sparingly through a tiny hole in the side of the coffin, but they will only give him enough to keep a spark of life burning in his cramped frame.

Weeks later, months later, years even, he is still there, and still just alive. His body will be so firmly set that the movement of a single muscle will be impossible. He will be a living corpse—heart, lungs and brain locked away in an unbending body made of unbending parchment.

In such manner does the Manchurian repay! A strange people indeed!

Even in their brotherhood organisations—their welfare movements, if such a word can be applied to them—they are just as terrible.

Every village has its guild, each guild its own strange mystic sign. Men have tried to default from them, and have paid the penalty with death.

The European dramatist may try to paint these guilds as secret societies of the old Italian order—like the Camorra. They have done so often. Yet though they are just as sinister as they have been shown to be, brotherhood is their aim!

Even the established law of the Manchurians is just as revengeful. It may be possible to deceive an English jury as to where the responsibility lies for a particular crime. But the Manchurian magistrate always knows whom to blame.

There, a father must suffer for the act of his child, a headsman for the ill-behaviour of his district, even a governor for the disobedience of his province. And he who feels he suffers unjustly must pass on the punishment to the right quarter in the form of vengeance.

Western influences are entering Manchuria, certainly, but they are not even a veneer on the surface as yet. They consist of nothing but patches on the face of the bigger towns.

In the capital city of Mukden are omnibuses and modern lifts, electrically lit offices and fine modern factories.

But the real Manchuria is that vast area of rich resources that are still generations removed from proper development, that by making Manchuria a Promised Land have also made her the Cockpit of the Orient.

Her history has always been a story of war and bloodshed. Since the Japan-China War of 1895 it has been so with a vengeance.

Japan won huge concessions in this country as the result of that war—only to have them wrested from her by imperious Czarist Russia.

It was because in those days Japan saw that Russia sought the conquest of Manchuria—a conquest that would make it impossible for Japan ever to have become a first-class Power—that the great war between the two countries came in 1904.

The decrepit and rotting Russian Fleet—the fleet that in a fit of nerves had fired on a British fishing fleet off the Dogger Bank—was sunk or captured off Port Arthur Japan triumphed, but at the price of 200,000 dead alone.

All Manchuria herself could do was to suffer in silence—and in wonder.

Since then the victorious march of the Manchurian army on Pekin in 1926 and the inglorious retreat back to their own country eighteen months later, to be followed soon by the blowing up of their triumphant commander in his private train, are but one or two of the eventful happenings that have marked Manchuria's chequered history. When there has not been international war within her borders there has been civil war, and always there has been the menace of the bandits.

And always, too, there has been Japan near at hand, looking for an outlet for her teeming millions and well aware of the great wealth Manchuria offers.

Japan has previously attacked, seized strategic positions, and established her dominance. Her goods were being boycotted, she said. Governments changed so quickly that she could never find one responsible for agreements made a few years before. Her railway line had been blown up. One of her officers, Captain Nakamura, had been murdered.

China, determined to keep the richest part of her empire, described it all as nonsense. There had been nothing anti-Japanese in the Chinese attitude. Japan was merely seeking a chance to invade and annex.

Guns speak again

So to-day Japan calls the country Manchoukuo, the newest Republic in the world.

China replies that it is still Manchuria, one of the oldest countries in the world—and hers.

Well, the League of Nations has investigated it. It sent a Commission to Harbin under Lord Lytton. And that body unhesitatingly described Japan as guilty of aggression, and said she had invaded the country according to a well-thought-out plan.

Further, only a few days ago the League of Nations decided by the votes of 42 nations to 1—and that one the vote of Japan—that Japan was guilty of unjustifiable aggression and should withdraw. The Japanese delegate walked out, accompanied by hisses.

Nor is that the end of it all.

More than a million men are already face to face in Jehol, the western province of this Cockpit of the East, the Japanese armed to the teeth with the most modern fighting appliances science has yet devised.

Japan has defied the League. Already her guns are spitting again in Manchuria, her bayonets flashing along the Great Wall of China.

Peace for Manchuria is not yet. She is too wealthy to be happy.

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Blue Danube *Strauss*
La Paloma *Yradier*
Minuet in G *Beethoven*
Shenandoah *(arr. Terry)*
God Send You Back To Me *Emmett Adams*
Humoresque *Chaminade*
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Send to-day to make sure of securing YOUR volumes, as our stock is clearing rapidly at this remarkable bargain price.

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Please send the five volumes of "MUSIC OF ALL NATIONS" for me to examine for seven days FREE of all obligation. I may return the books on the eighth day and that ends the matter, or I may keep them and send you 1/6 in eight days with twelve further consecutive monthly instalments of 3/- each, or I may pay cash on the eighth day, 35/-.

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ADDRESS .....

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OCCUPATION .....

State if Householder..... Date.....
Parent's signature required if under 21.

J.B.E. 1933. .....

JOHN BULL Readers' Stories—25

Marked Down FOR MURDER

HERE is the true story of an adventure which befell me in Mexico thirty years ago. Except for giving the villain of the piece a fictitious name, I have kept strictly to facts as they occurred.

My story deals with an exciting brush with a scoundrel whom I shall call Captain Pauls—stevedore, dance-hall proprietor, publican and crook.

There is no doubt that he was a dangerous man, though I never imagined that he would attempt cold-blooded murder for a paltry £20, and that he would select me as his prospective victim.

Still, I had better tell the story as it happened, letting you judge for yourselves.

I was second engineer on the s.s. *Capenor*, a London ship that had been chartered by a New York firm for one year.

I met Captain Pauls in Tampico, Mexico, and he asked me to bring in a few things for him on the quiet, saying he would pay me double the wholesale price.

There was nothing formidable about his demands—he wanted tobacco, boots and underclothing mostly — so I consented, making the stipulation that I must be paid before the goods left the ship.

Captain Pauls agreed and I made three trips, getting paid and making an extra £10 monthly, which was good money in those days.

On the fourth trip Captain Pauls was sick with malaria, but he sent down for the goods, saying that he would pay me as soon as he got up, and asking me to call at his bungalow.

To get to Captain Pauls' bungalow I had to follow a path through the woods, past the swamp, beyond a native clearing. It was a miserable trail, but it cut off half a mile at least, and that was an advantage.

I FOUND the captain in bed, looking very ill. However, he was a good host, and, producing liquor and cigars, told me to help myself.

He was quite candid — he hadn't the money, as he couldn't get to the bank; but if I would bring another consignment he would pay me for both next trip.

Hating to appear ungracious, I consented, brought the goods, and, sure enough, the captain was waiting for me on the quay.

As it was afternoon, he didn't have the money, but he gave me a cheque, telling me to keep that as receipt until he gave me cash on the following day.

He forgot to pay next day and the next, putting me off with poor excuses —he "hadn't been to the bank," he was "going to-morrow," and so on.

However, the day before sailing, I told him I had to have the money right away, and if he didn't pay he would get no further goods through me.

That started an argument, and the captain said that if I didn't keep quiet it would be the worse for me. "Other men have been found in the river for less than you have said to me," he threatened; "so be careful."

I told him I could take care of myself at any time; and I could do so for, thirty years ago, I was strong and hard as nails. I had something of a reputation as a wrestler and was handy with my fists. Sailors in those days always had to be ready for a rough-and-tumble in foreign parts.

However, the captain sulkily told me to come to the bungalow in the evening, when he would pay me the money. "To hell with you afterwards!" was his parting comment.

Before going to the bungalow I loaded my .32 revolver and put it in my pocket,

"At the same time, a man came out of the reeds with a long knife in his hand"

A .32 is only a toy, but it is useful in stopping a man in an emergency.

The captain pretended to be friendly, and seemed to have forgotten our unpleasantness of the afternoon. Inviting me into his office, he produced the bottle and cigars and asked me to play cards with him and a Custom house officer who was there.

However. I declined with thanks, got the money from the captain, had a drink and left, saying I was going through to the dance-hall.

I danced a few "tangos" and had a good time, treating the women to "Vina Blanca" (white wine), drinking Pilsener myself, until the captain gave orders to close. Then I realised it must be nearly two o'clock in the morning.

THE captain had been drinking heavily all the evening and was getting more and more offensive. But the more he drank the more capable he became of looking after himself.

I was bidding the women good-night, saying I would see them all again next trip, when the captain asked me to come into the office as he wanted to talk business with me.

He again asked me if I would bring more goods, but I told him there was nothing doing. I was finished with him; he could get someone else to do his dirty work. He got very nasty, assured me I was a fool, and he would soon stop me from working with anybody else.

I told him to go ahead, but that he had better be careful, as I had only to whisper to the "gendarmes" and he was finished.

He raved and stormed all the more, but I finished the argument by telling him that I was not afraid, and that if he wanted any trouble, now was a good time to start.

That seemed to quieten him a little. He didn't want any trouble, he said, and to show he had no bad feeling, we would have a final drink before we parted good friends.

NOW, I had already had more drink than I really wanted, but not liking to refuse, I said all right, we'd have one, say no more about anything, and that we would part as good friends.

He went to a cupboard, produced two bottles, poured out a three-finger tot of whisky for me and a similar tot of brandy for himself, saying he always took brandy last thing at night as it made him sleep better.

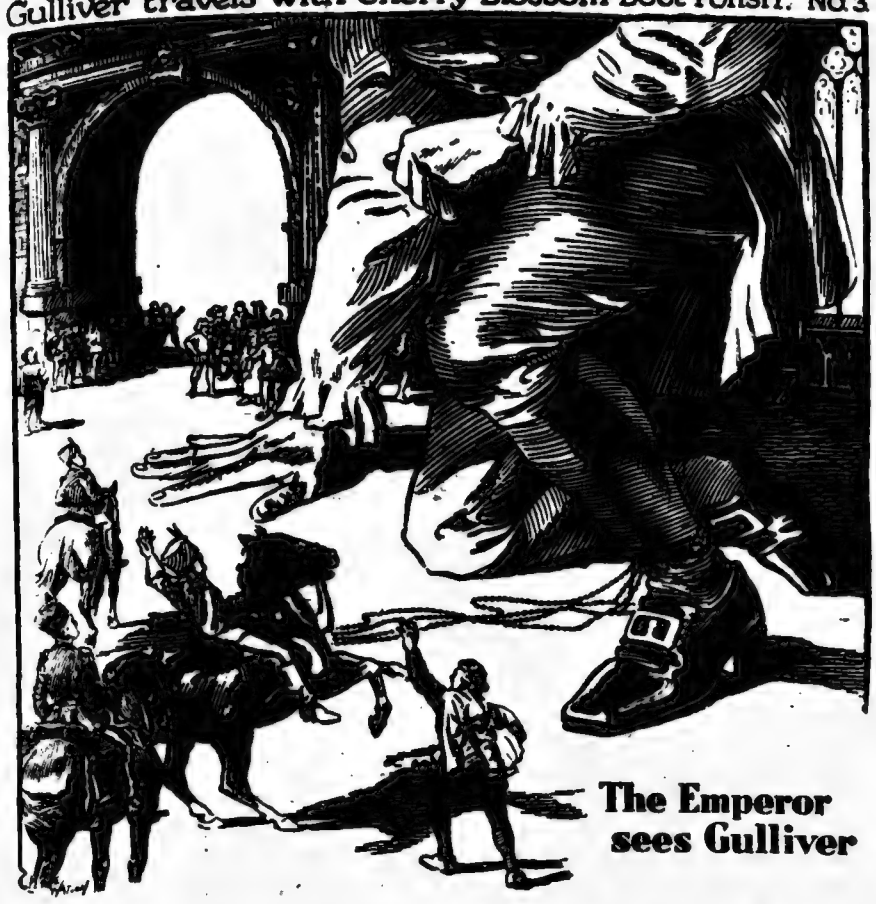
I really didn't want that whisky, so I contrived to attract his attention by the old dodge of looking suddenly over his head, peering through the window. It worked; he turned his head for a second, which gave me the opportunity of emptying most of the whisky on the floor.

Then I jumped up and said: "I thought I saw something there; must have been mistaken." Holding my glass in my hand, completely covering it, I added: "Well, here's luck," and pretended to drink it all down.

The captain, shaking hands, told me

(Continued on page 26)

Gulliver travels with Cherry Blossom Boot Polish. NO. 3



The Emperor sees Gulliver

After being conveyed to the Metropolis, Gulliver, held captive by chains padlocked to his feet, is visited by the Emperor of Lilliput.

"The brilliance of the Cherry Blossom polish on my shoes somewhat startled the Emperor's horse, for the beast, though well trained, was wholly unused to such a-shine."

Cherry Blossom
BOOT POLISH

Black, White, Brown, Dark Tan and Tonette.
In Tins with easy opener, 2½d., 4½d. and 6d.

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John White of Rushden advises you to buy where you see this sign

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No. T.B.2020.
Gent's Black Chrome Box Derby Shoe, Goodyear Welted. Wide Fitting. Leather Sole, Rubber Heel.

Temeraire
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● "Temeraire" is a new line of guaranteed footwear. New in price—in style—in comfort—in durability. Each pair is made of strong supple leather—that your feet may feel at ease and cared for. No other shoe is more stylish or gives you better service. Such fine value is worth insisting on. Be persistent.

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Brown Calf Oxford Shoe. Welted. Light leather sole. and heel. Medium Smart Toe.

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No. T.B. 2019
Brown Oxford Shoe. Welted. Temeraire Sports Sole and Heel. Medium Fitting.

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Black Calf Oxford Shoe. Welted Leather Soles and Rubber Heels. Medium Smart Toe.

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Impregnable footwear

TO RETAILERS. *Your customers will be looking for the "Temeraire" sign. Display it in your window.*

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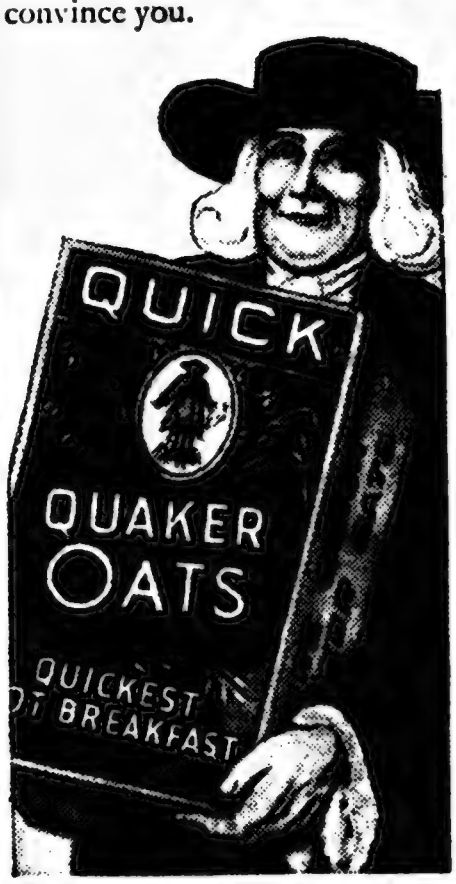
John White (Impregnable Boots) Ltd., Rushden, Northants. ——— *reverse*

The quickest way to save time and money

Lack of time needn't make your family go without a hot breakfast. *Quick* Quaker Oats . . . . ready in 3 or 4 minutes . . . . is the world's quickest hot breakfast . . . . the most economical, too.

Because Quaker Oats is milled from the world's finest oats, grown and ripened under sunny skies, it is rich in everything essential to health and vitality.

Imitations of Quaker Oats sometimes look the same but they never taste the same. For flavour, nourishment and economy, Quaker Oats is in a superior class of its own; those who have used Quaker Oats know this—a trial packet will convince you.

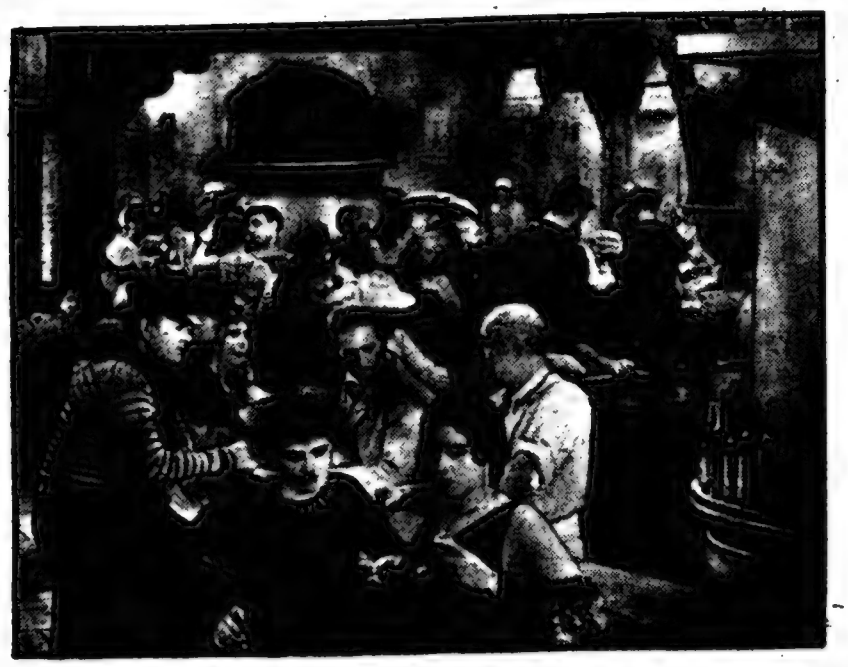


Quaker Oats is sold only in sealed packets, which not only preserve the special flavour, but protect from dust, taint and other impurities.

Two kinds—Quaker Oats and Quick Quaker

MADE IN CANADA
Quaker Oats Ltd., London

"MARKED DOWN FOR MURDER."—(*Continued from page 24*)



A scene in a sailors' cafe—as the films show it

A Dangerous Woman Decoy

be careful going down to the ship, as the Mexicans were dangerous and would knife me if they got the chance.

I hadn't got far when I had an uneasy feeling I was being followed. I couldn't shake off that feeling, but I took good care not to stop or look round, as that is the worst thing anyone can do; it puts your follower on his guard and probably you would see nothing.

I walked on the ball of my feet, treading cautiously, still going as well as before, making very little sound, got past the native clearing and entered the swamp area.

Suddenly I realised that the "bullfrogs" had ceased croaking. That was bad; it meant someone was there who shouldn't be. It was a warning as plain as a spoken word. I was feeling jumpy and took out my revolver, turned a bend in the pathway and stopped instantly. A ghostly apparition in white was blocking the pathway.

I was not superstitious—never was—but this was enough to terrify most fellows. I was properly unnerved for the moment, but, pulling myself together with an effort, I knew it must be human. It couldn't be a ghost. I stepped forward and there was a Mexican woman.

SHE was standing with one hand holding a big lace shawl partly over her head and reaching almost to her feet. This was the white thing I saw. Her other hand was at her breast.

With a bravado I certainly didn't feel, I said, "What do you want, senorita?"

"Senor is very brave and good," she replied.

However, I could tell a decoy such as this a mile off, and knew she was stalling for time; so I said, "Never mind that, senorita. You want money, I suppose?"

"Yes, senor," she replied, holding out her hand. "I am hungry."

"Here you are, senorita," I said, putting my hand in my pocket as if taking out money.

She stretched out her hand, I caught her wrist, dropped to one knee, gave her a sharp pull and threw her over my shoulder, where she crashed to the ground heavily a few feet behind me. Not very chivalrous, I admit, but it was necessary in this case.

She was evidently shaken, and no wonder! She lay there as if stunned. I started to run, made a few steps, and tripped over a rope suspended between two trees, about a foot above the ground. The result was that I went sprawling on my face with a thud that nearly knocked all the wind out of me.

At the same time, a man came out of the reeds with a long knife in his hand, made a vicious lunge at me, and caught me a glancing blow in the back of my arm, making an ugly gash.

The man overreached himself, tripped and fell on top of me, but I arched my back and sent him spinning along the ground, where he lay writhing and cursing horribly in Spanish.

I jumped up to my feet as quickly as he did. I had lost my revolver and noticed he had also lost his knife. I rushed him and got home a smashing right that landed high on his cheekbone; he staggered back cursing, but I cut that short with a straight left that split his lips.

HE swung a vicious clubbing blow at me which landed over my ear and made me see a galaxy of stars and sent my knees ducking.

He raised his foot to give me a kick, but I flattened out, stretched, and caught the foot that was on the ground, gave a sharp pull and down he went.

I got on my hands and knees, then rose quicker than he this time, for he was badly jarred, doubled up my knees and landed full on his stomach, gave him a hard right and left and the fight was over.

I looked at the woman; she was sitting up, looking a little dazed, so I knew she was not badly hurt. I took off my coat, rolled it round like a sausage, put it over my shoulder and held the two ends tightly gripped at the armpit, picked up my revolver and cap, and then looked at the man I had knocked out.

THERE was the face of Captain Pauls staring up at me, with his mouth wide open, one eye practically closed.

I felt sick with horror to think that a white man would stoop to such cold-blooded treachery as to lead a fellow-countryman into a trap, using a woman for the purpose of stabbing me in the back when I wasn't looking.

I left him groaning, ran all the way to the ship, and wakened the chief engineer. He took me down into the stokehold, made me strip stark naked, burnt all my clothes, shoes, everything I had on. He got some hot water, bandaged my arm up tight, and after I had put on other clothes, we went up to the messroom to await developments.

It was nearly four in the morning; we left at six. The chief and third engineer worked the ship out.

NEXT trip I heard that Captain Pauls' body was found in the marsh the following day, badly eaten by land crabs. He had been murdered, no one knew how. I was never suspected, but I can guess what happened.

The Mexican woman, recovering first and seeing the captain lying there, took her revenge out of him for her injuries, robbed and stabbed him and left him in the swamp.

I was never questioned and never volunteered any comment, being very glad to be out of a dirty job clean.

NEXT WEEK: *A tensely human story by a woman reader, who confesses that she "married without love."*

The "Greatest of These—" Fund

A Tragic Peter Pan

Victor

THREE-YEAR-OLD VICTOR will never grow to manhood, as he suffers from congenital heart disease. His ex-Service dad was discharged from hospital in 1917 with malaria and bullet wounds in leg, chest, thigh and brow, for which he received a pension of 15s. a week. This he relinquished during a period when he was in good work.

At a time when Victor's dad was at death's door, his mother worked up a greengrocery round, rising at 5 a.m., going to market in all weathers, driving a small pony and cart, nursing her husband and three young children.

She even stuck it after she met with an accident, a sack of potatoes falling on her chest. Then an abscess formed, and she had to undergo an operation, and the little shop was closed. At present she is suffering from heart trouble. But this is not all.

"I owe three weeks' rent," she says, "and also a few other debts, and my little ones have not had much food lately, as I have been unable to get it for them. My husband is just getting over malaria and pleurisy, and all my little ones have had influenza. My two eldest boys have joined the Army owing to lack of work, so are unable to help me."

Her eldest girl earns 10s. a week. Then come four kiddies of school age and Victor. They live in rooms in a condemned house, for which they pay 10s. 6d. a week. She borrowed to buy boots for the children, and pays interest on the loan. Overdue insurances, coal account and so on weigh her down.

We know by the way the fund's subscriptions have dropped during the last month that readers are finding things difficult, but we beg for help from those who are better off, for Victor's family and the fund generally.

Donations should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Slips."

OLDHAM CHRONICLE:—"Counsel expressed surprise when a woman witness told him that her HUSBANDS accompanied her to buy cushions."

NORTH QUEENSLAND REGISTER:—"Heavy storms appear to be falling towards Mackinlay, and just at the moment the MEAT is terrific."

MORNING POST:—"—— pleaded that her husband had DESERVED her."

BURY TIMES:—"All the WORDS have been sprayed with a disinfectant."

EVE'S OWN:—"A suffocating pain GRINNED at her throat."

NOTTINGHAM EVENING POST:—"Several of the PAYERS received hard knocks, but their injuries are yielding to treatment."

CHATHAM, ROCHESTER AND GILLINGHAM NEWS:—"The note was in his daughter's handwriting, and it read: 'DEAD Dad,—I am sorry to leave you.'"

WHITBY GAZETTE:—"The guests did full justice to the excellent FARE."

DAILY EXPRESS:—"Had those FOREIGN eggs been laid in this country."

DUBLIN EVENING HERALD:—"An arrest by detectives after other officers had chased SUSPECTS IN A BAR for about 120 miles."

LEICESTER EVENING MAIL:—"Miss —— was thrown on to the windscreen and her NOISE was almost cut off."

THE WINNER:—"There are few English COUNTRIES which come less into the limelight where racing is concerned than DEVON."

If you filled your pipe in our factory

Bondman couldn't be fresher

it's in 1oz. Vacuum Sealed Tins

COLONIAL and **VIRGINIA** tobaccos finely blended and packed for lasting freshness in **VACUUM SEALED** tins. Send a postcard to-day to address below for **FREE TRIAL PACKET** sufficient for four pipes.

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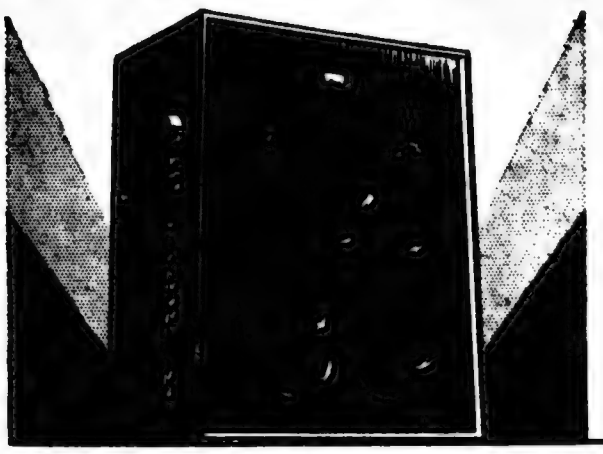
LLOYDS' BONDMAN EMPIRE BLEND IN 1OZ. VACUUM SEALED TINS

Richard Lloyd & Sons, 'Topmast' Tobacco Factory, 83, Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.1. (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co.)



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Columbia

Write to-night for full details of the outstanding 2-Valve Battery Set in modern radio.

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Cut this out and post in an unsealed envelope bearing ½d. stamp to Columbia Graphophone Co., Ltd., 98, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1

for only 20/- down and 10/- a month for nine months

Cash Price **£4·19·6**

BOURN-VITA is the better bedtime beverage

The good-night drink that becomes to-morrow's energy

because— after testing hundreds of malts Cadburys discovered one with the following advantage over others:

The malt in Bourn-vita has a *pleasant flavour*. This is far more important than may be apparent. For modern science has shown that you cannot benefit fully from anything you do not enjoy. And you *will* enjoy Bourn-vita. The malt—one of the most valuable waste-repairing foods known — was specially selected from hundreds tested by Cadburys because it had not only the right dietetic value, but *a flavour acceptable to everyone.*

YOU GET ALL THE BENEFIT

You can obtain full benefit from this malt, too. Cadburys use a low temperature process which preserves all the diastase in the malt. This is the substance which makes Bourn-vita so easy to digest, and this explains why a cup of Bourn-vita helps the digestion of your other foods.

Similarly, the vitamins A, B and D are preserved in Bourn-vita to perform their valuable functions in promoting normal nutrition and healthy growth.

Bourn-vita is the ideal bedtime beverage. It soothes you to sleep and while you sleep it does its work—building and repairing so that you wake the next morning "feeling fine."

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BOURN-VITA

¼lb 9d
YOU SAVE WHEN YOU BUY THE LARGER TINS
½lb 1/3 1lb 2/9
WEIGHT GUARANTEED

(A SCIENTIFIC COMBINATION OF MALT, MILK, NEW LAID EGGS AND CHOCOLATE)

Just when you're going to show him off
DOWN HE GOES!

YOU cannot make your dog belong to you. He gives his affections to those who are kind to him—who understand and answer his mute appeals to be kept in condition.

And to understand your dog thoroughly you must remember he has a non-porous skin. He cannot perspire, and this explains why he needs a blood corrective at regular intervals to keep his blood pure. Now that your dog cannot get to the blood correctives which Nature provides among the wild grasses in valley and moorland, **you must make good his loss if you want to keep him fit and happy.** He needs Bob Martin's Condition Powders, which purify the blood and nourish the coat until it gleams with healthy "bloom."

Bob Martin's Condition Powders cure and prevent all blood ailments, such as **loss of appetite, listlessness, continual scratching, dull coat, sulky temper, eczema and swellings between the toes.** Provide your dog with Bob Martin's Condition Powders to-day.

Your nearest dog biscuit shop, chemist and big store sell Bob Martin's Condition Powders in 6d. packets of 9 Powders. The 1/- boxes contain 21 Powders. Made (since 1892) by Bob Martin Ltd., Southport, Eng.

That is why
BOB MARTIN'S
CONDITION POWDERS
KEEP dogs fit!

Warded off
INFLUENZA..

"LAST Saturday I had a temperature and all the symptoms of influenza. I ached all over. On a friend's advice I decided to try your Musterole Brand Ointment. I applied the ointment before going to bed Saturday night and put on a second application Sunday. Monday morning the cold was completely broken up, and in a day or so was entirely gone."
—A.R.C., Burlington Gardens, Chiswick.

● ● ●

If you feel feverish and ache all over, rub on this clean, white ointment, and feel the pain easing... going... gone, as the tingling, soothing warmth penetrates deep down, draws out the inflammation, stops the pain. Thousands have used this famous ointment for years because it brings such quick relief. Ask any user. They will tell you how effective it is for relieving those 'flu pains, breaking up congestion and drawing out inflammation. Your favourite chemist has Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment. Get a jar today.

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BRAND
MUSTARD OINTMENT
MADE IN ENGLAND
Thos. Christy & Co., 4-12 Old Swan Lane, E.C.4

HUMAN DOCUMENTS *Probed by* PHILIP INMAN

"The irony of it is that after all these years I still love the man who fell in Flanders"

Don't be a Slave to the PAST

I HAVE just been reading the Life of the late Lord Haldane, and I came across one of the most delightful passages I have ever read.

It reveals how Lord Haldane was engaged to be married for just six weeks, and during that time his happiness was absolutely perfect. Then, without any explanation whatever, the girl suddenly broke off the engagement.

Lord Haldane never saw her again, but his own comment is: "I was not then, nor have I ever been, anything but profoundly grateful to her for that perfect six weeks."

It was a fragrant memory that lived with him all through his life.

Happy indeed are those who can look back on the great experiences of life without any regrets. But, alas, memories can be fretful as well as fragrant. How often we hear people say: "If only I had my time over again."

That is all very well. It is quite right to profit by past failings. But many of us do more than that. We allow things which have happened to blind us to the possibilities of our present and future lives.

Here is a very sad letter from a man who has been happily married and has a family he idolises.

A few months ago his little girl of five was taken suddenly ill and was removed to hospital. The doctors informed my correspondent that an operation must be performed to save the child's life. He gave his consent, but the little girl died a week after.

The terrible shock of this tragedy caused his wife to become seriously ill. A specialist was called in, who demanded an immediate operation to save *her* life, and again my correspondent, with great courage, agreed. He adds:

"At this my wife went temporarily mad, accusing me of killing my child by rushing it into hospital, and now attempting to do the same to her. However, the operation on my wife was performed, thank God, with every satisfaction, and I shall soon be bringing her home.

"But during the time I have been alone I have scarcely slept. And, when I have, I have had dreadful nightmares, with my wife accusing me of killing our darling little girl. Since she has been in hospital I have lived on drugs, which I have never taken before."

THIS is a pitiful story, and the tragedy is that nobody could possibly be blamed for any of the misfortunes. If the child died after the operation which was the only hope of saving her life, she would probably have died even more quickly without it, and then my correspondent would have had real cause for remorse.

Although the accusation that the poor demented mother has made is a terribly hard thing for that husband to bear, he must realise that the shock has temporarily unbalanced her.

As this woman gets better she will realise that her own operation probably saved her life, and that she has every reason to be grateful to her husband for giving his consent.

Personally, I admire him for his courage in a great anxiety. After losing his child, it might have been easier for him to withhold consent in the case of his wife.

But now, what line should my correspondent take? If he allows this terrible shadow of the past to envelop him, and if he continues to drug himself to forget his misery, he will lose his self-respect, and, in consequence, he may never regain the confidence of his wife and the joys of family life. He has been the victim of a cruel set of circumstances beyond his control. But there is absolutely no ground for self-reproach in anything he has done. He must hold fast to that fact, and then try resolutely to fix his mind on the future.

IN contrast to this story, I have a letter from a girl who is in danger of spoiling her future, not from sad memories, but from happy ones!

She was very much in love with a young man who was killed in the war. After his death she became fearfully embittered, but in time she lost this feeling, though her love for her dead fiancé remained.

Later she went to work as a domestic servant in a small Highland village, and eventually she met a young man who in time confessed his love for her and begged her to marry him. She says:

"He loves me very much, and seems to live only for me. The irony of it all is that after all these years I still love my first boy. Will you tell me if I should marry this man whom I feel I can never love, although I know him to be a good man? Or should I remain single and live my own life of loneliness?"

Now, this "living on one's past" is a common enough problem. We surround our earlier experience with a halo, and think that life will never again be quite the same.

Bearing these things in mind, let me put these questions to my correspondent: Is not the glamour attached to her first love smothering any possibility of new happiness? Is she not straining loyalty to his memory too far? Is she sure that she gave him all the affection of which she is capable?

It would be unfair for her to accept the young man who is now showing her attention until these points have been cleared up. There are some people who, when they love once, love for all time. If this girl is one of those, then this young man should have been told so long ago.

I say definitely that with her present feelings she certainly ought not to marry him.

What I advise her to do is to ask the young man to wait a year, or possibly two years. During this time she would discover whether she could learn to care for him or whether a "life of loneliness" is to be preferred.

Marriage is one of those relationships where you can't keep back "part of the price." Respect may take you part of the way—love alone can take you the whole way.

And here is another correspondent who is haunted by a ghost of the past.

He writes to tell me that he deserted from the Army and then committed theft, for which he was punished by six months' imprisonment. When he was released he fell in love with a girl and she returned his affection. He has been trying to make good in his former trade, but has got into money difficulties, and is in terror that his past will come to light as a result. He says:

"I could not tell her or her parents the truth about my discharge from the Army because I felt certain that I should lose her, so I told them a cock-and-bull story about being invalided out. Now I am in terror that I shall lose the only thing on earth I care for, the thing I value most and cannot live without."

There is an old adage which says: "What a tangled web we weave when first we practise to deceive."

OF course, we are all cowards when it comes to the possibility of losing a loved one. But what would my correspondent's chances of keeping his girl be worth if she were to discover his past? Far better for him to tell her himself. Unless he does so his life will be a perpetual nightmare, and every time he meets her he will wonder if she knows the truth.

Once he is rid of his burden he will have nothing further to fear from the past. And, what is more, his self-confidence will be restored and that will react favourably upon every relationship of his life.

Do not be a slave to your past, whatever it may be. Remember that life is short, and there is no time to waste bewailing what has happened or what might have been.

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Unemployed Dowlais men at the greyhound racing track they have made on the site of an old rubbish tip

THE TOWN with its BACK to the WALL

IF you would see courage and hope putting up an epic fight against the "Great Depression" go on any Sunday morning to Dowlais, in South Wales—the town that, with 98 per cent. of its iron and steel workers unemployed, can truthfully be said to have its back to the wall.

See the dauntless air of the population in its Sunday best. Look at the bright and resolute faces you meet in the streets. And the smell of cooking.

Dowlais—despite the complete paralysis of the steel and iron industry on which it depends—lives its Sundays in the spirit of the old days of plenty.

But look again. Pierce beneath the mask which Dowlais has drawn over its hardships. Search beyond the fine show of courage to the grim reality in the background.

See Dowlais on Monday, or any other week-day, when the Sunday best has been put away for a rest.

Then you can see the belt tightened. You will see Dowlais as it is, and not as it wants you to see it.

For something has happened to this town which, with Merthyr, its twin sister, was once the capital of Wales—something which it cannot entirely understand.

If it had been ravaged half as much by some spectacular disaster—an earthquake or an eruption—the whole world would know its name and talk about its fate. Its courage in the face of it would be a story to be handed down.

Still whistling!

Its vast steel works lie idle and rotting. Whole lines of its shops are empty and boarded up, some of them businesses that prospered for generations under the same old family names. Those grocers whose shops remain open sell only the foods that are necessities.

There are towns that think that the whole bottom has dropped out of their world when one or two shops have closed! Let them just think of Dowlais, ninety-eight in every hundred of whose breadwinners are idle.

The few who work in the Town with its Back to the Wall have a great responsibility. They have, for one thing, to pay rates at 27s. 6d. in the pound, more than half of which goes in poor rate alone.

Not the absolute highest in the kingdom, certainly. But there is a deadweight of unpaid rates in Dowlais and Merthyr that already exceeds a hundred thousand pounds and is fast growing more colossal.

Six thousand pounds in rent is already owed on the local council houses. And hardly a penny being earned in the whole town!

Yet its inhabitants whistle and joke! That is the one thing about Dowlais that impresses you even more than its awful poverty.

You have heard the suggestion that men become agitators when things go wrong and their livings go. You have heard about it in connection with the men of South Wales in particular. Well, see them as the director of a local firm sees them.

The cat burglar!

One very rainy day he was passing his idle works when he saw a man dressed in very ragged clothing standing outside the walls in a manner suggesting he was going to climb them.

A thief? Some poor devil forced by circumstances to search for a lump of old metal left behind that might be worth a few coppers to him? Not at all.

Dropping over the other side of the wall, the man began to climb to the rotting roof of a galvanised iron shed. Then, with the nimbleness of a cat, he walked along the eaves until he reached a sheet of roofing that had been blown out of place.

Tugging it inch by inch, he at last got it into place again. And then he dropped from the shed, climbed back on the wall again, and all but fell into the arms of his director.

"The rain was going through on my machine," he stammered. "My machine—the one I used to work on till two years ago. I thought I'd go over and put it right, so that it'd be all right when I want it again."

Giving them beans

An isolated case? Not by any means. The men of Dowlais are not the type to sit down and moan and do nothing.

They used to be able to bet. To-day it is nothing to see a man wager some homely vegetable grown in his own back-garden.

They used to be able to come to London to see Wales play England. This year several scores of them subscribed threepence each to send one man—he was chosen by ballot—and they drank in every word of his description eagerly when he returned.

Small things? Yes, but they are illuminating sidelights on the determination of the men of Dowlais not to be beaten by the Great Depression.

And their generosity? Well, it is none the worse for adversity. Here's evidence of that:

In one of a row of ten houses lives an old soul who is dependent on her old-age pension. Her rent is comparatively high; the rates cruel. Her children and her children's children are out of work.

Yet every day of the week one of those neighbouring houses is responsible for providing her with tit-bits for her very meagre old appetite. And there isn't a single man in any one of those cottages with a job to do.

It may be only a dish of beans. But beans are life to Dowlais at the moment. Beans, being cheap, are the most important commodity in the shops. There are placards "Give 'Em Beans" on the grocers' windows—yet another instance of how Dowlais can joke away its troubles.

Salvation in a song

Of course, there are weaklings, men of the kind you will find in every community, who, weakened by adversity, tend to lose grip on themselves and drift down and down.

But they don't let them go down very far at Dowlais.

"See that chap there?" said one out-of-work man. "He started to lose hold. He'd always been a good husband and father, but his troubles wore him down so much that he started to drink away the little that he'd got. He'd have ended up in prison, or gone away and died in the mountains when he could have bought no more beer.

"Do you know how we saved him? By encouraging him to sing. He sang to us in concerts, pubs., even when we talked in the streets. And when he saw he meant something in life, even if he hadn't a job, he sort of pulled up. And now there's not a better chap anywhere."

The joint population of Dowlais and its neighbour, Merthyr, has fallen from 90,000 to 70,000 in twelve years. In the two towns no less than £600,000 a year is being paid out in what are commonly called "doles," and, in addition, from £1,700 to £2,000 a week is being distributed by the Public Assistance Committees.

Less than twenty years after Dowlais men served as soldiers in the war and were taken to battle in Dowlais wagons drawn by Dowlais locomotives over Dowlais rails borne on Dowlais sleepers, hardly a handful of metal, finished or unfinished, is leaving the town.

The trouble is that Dowlais sleepers, which used to be built mainly for the East, where insects eat up the wooden article, last for ever. Dowlais only wishes that another kind of insect would develop an appetite for steel sleepers and eat them up, too!

Tempered steel!

Yet it would take even more than that to bring prosperity back to Dowlais—wipe off its huge debts, bring the rates down to a figure that people could afford to pay, provide jobs for its idle breadwinners, and open up its shuttered shops, of which thirty are closed in the main street.

It may be that this town will have to be poor for ever—poor, that is, in those things by which prosperity and riches are usually computed.

But there is one wealth adversity can never steal from the Town with its Back to the Wall.

That is its supreme courage in the hour of trial, which, like the metal that this Welsh town used to make, is a lasting credit not only to Dowlais but to all Britain.

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½-LB. STONED AND CHOPPED DATES. 1 LB. FLOUR. ½ LB. FINELY-CHOPPED 'ATORA' SUET. ½ TEASPOONFUL SALT. ENOUGH MILK TO MIX TO A DOUGH.

Mix all the dry ingredients together in a basin, then add enough milk to form a stiff 'dough.' Turn into well-greased basin and steam or boil for three hours.

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A WORD TO ALL GOOD HUSBANDS.

It isn't true that women can't help the worries of a household affecting their nerves and making them irritable. Perhaps they do take them too seriously and exaggerate them, but the real trouble is that they get run-down.

The way to prevent it is to get your wife to take Wincarnis. That will put her right, build up and restore her nerves, let her sleep properly and help her to face the worries of her little world calmly and peacefully.

Really, it is amazing how quickly Wincarnis works, for the good it does is permanent good. It is simply the purest of fine wine, with all the nourishing properties of 2½ lbs. of grapes to every bottle, combined with the strengthening elements of beef and guaranteed malt extracts.

Try Wincarnis yourself if you find it hard to sleep. It will keep your nerves calm and cool, prevent your health giving way under the strain of overwork and worry. Get your first bottle to-day.

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Think what it means to a man of 60, who came out of hospital weighing only 6 st. 8 lbs., with gastric ulcers—"they could not get at them with the knife"—to have cured his trouble, to have regained his normal weight and to be able to eat anything.

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"I take pleasure to let you know that after a long while I am quite all right again. I have followed your treatment and taken your valuable Powder four times a day. I am once more in the Pink. I was six stone eight lbs. when I came out of hospital where the doctor told me he could not get at them with the knife. I am now near my normal weight. I am 60, and feel a new man. I have always felt fit since taking your powder."

You should try this Maclean Brand Stomach Powder to-day. Every doctor knows its formula and will tell you how good it is, what remarkable cures it has effected in his own practice and in all the leading hospitals.

But be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder under that exact name, with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles, in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

A Famous Shipbuilder's GREATEST HOUR

Launching the MAURETANIA

Sir George Hunter's triumphant moment when his "dream ship," the "Mauretania," slid successfully down the slipway at Wallsend in 1907

by Sir George HUNTER,

who built Britain's fastest liner

I AM one of those people who like to look forward to their "greatest hour." That is to say, I will not believe that, even at eighty-eight, I have *had* all the "greatest hours" that I shall enjoy!

But if I must speak of such hours in the past, then I think there are two that are outstanding—and, as they are more or less bound up with each other, despite the fact that many years separated them, I shall deal with them as one.

The first was when I was a mere youngster of thirty-five, in 1880, when for the first time I had sole control of a shipbuilding yard. Up to then I had been a partner in shipbuilding firms.

I had been with Napier's, of Glasgow, on the Clyde, and I had founded, with the late Mr. Austin, the shipbuilding firm of Messrs. S. P. Austin's, on the River Wear—incidentally, Sunderland was my birthplace.

Unless you have had the same experience, you cannot understand just what a grand thrill runs through your veins when for the first time, especially as a young man, you gain control of your firm.

Absorbing work

I remember that when I first sat in my office, overlooking the yard, I had to pinch myself once or twice to be absolutely certain that I was not the victim of a dream.

And in that hour was born the idea that brought about that other "hour." For I determined that I would build one day a vessel that should make the British mercantile flag supreme!

It was not the dream of a visionary. I had, ever since my apprenticeship, pictured a passenger-carrying liner of tremendous tonnage, which yet could be designed on the graceful lines of a yacht.

I believed—and that belief has been fully justified—that gracefulness and utility could mean one and the same thing. But not every shipbuilder agreed with me!

Gradually my business grew, and then, twenty-five years later, came my great chance to apply the theories I held.

The Cunard Company announced that it was prepared to build a new passenger steamer for the Atlantic service, larger than anything that had previously been attempted: larger, and most certainly faster.

Three firms—two with much bigger names than my own at that time—were selected to compete for the honour.

Our designs had to conform to certain specified conditions as regards speed and capacity. Finally, after anxious months, the verdict was given; but instead of one ship only, the Cunard had decided to build two—and John Brown and my own firm were chosen for the honour.

We began work on the *Mauretania* in 1905, and she was finished in 1907, at a cost of under two million pounds. The same ship to-day would, I suppose, cost at least twice that sum.

"That lovely ship"

Those were years of the hardest work, for I was determined, if I could, to demonstrate that passenger-carrying boats could be things of real beauty, as well as useful for the purpose for which they were designed.

I came to the conclusion that I could get extra speed, combined with the utmost efficiency, by using machinery which I had in mind, added to the novel lines on which the ship was to be built.

Gradually she began to take shape before my eyes . . . that lovely ship—as she still is to-day—which was destined to hold the blue riband of the Atlantic for so many, many years unchallenged.

I had built an exact scale model of the *Mauretania*, and for days at a time I experimented, while the ship and the main machinery were building, with different types of propellers.

This model, driven by electricity, I used in the Northumberland Dock, where I had a clear run of half a mile at least. And at full speed the model would dash from one end to the other, while, with my experts, I studied every detail of its performance.

"Racy" lines

From those experiments I came to the conclusion that a slightly broader blade would give us better results, and when the propeller finally agreed upon was made and fitted to the model, it put up record times!

Then another factor arose. In the course of designing the ship, I found that if I could add eight feet to the breadth of the *Mauretania* then I should get much greater speed.

I utilised this extra eight feet—to which the Cunard Company agreed—to make the lines at her bows much finer—almost a "razor-blade" effect. I do not think there is in existence to-day another ship of anything like her 30,000 odd tons displacement whose bows are so clear cut, or so pronouncedly those of a racing yacht.

In the meantime, of course, our rivals were also straining every nerve to perfect the sister ship. Her name? Alas! She was the ill-fated *Lusitania*, which met a dire and dreadful war-time fate when bound from America to Liverpool.

I am afraid that you will think this an interminable "hour"! But I would emphasise that all the months of actual work, of experimenting, of trying this, and rejecting were all really working up to the hour when she should take the water.

No matter how carefully a shipbuilder may plan; no matter how efficient the assistance he gets from the engineers who turn out the machinery, he can know nothing *definitely* until the inanimate thing with which he has lived—and for which he has lived—for months on end, comes to life, takes the water, and finally starts on her trials.

So my own "hour" culminated when, one never-to-be-forgotten day, the *Mauretania* slid slowly down the slipway from my yard at Wallsend and, with scarcely a splash, gracefully rode the element for which she had been designed.

Final thrill

I was then more than sixty years of age: a time of life when you might be forgiven for thinking that a man had outgrown ambition, and had lost the sensation of being thrilled.

But in my case, at least, it was not so! Here was my "baby"—and what a lusty infant!—ready to settle for all time whether my ideas of design for ocean "greyhounds" were sound and workmanlike.

Well, what she has done is ancient history now, but I had a further thrill when, an old ship as ships go, considering the hundreds of times she has crossed the Atlantic, in all sorts of conditions of weather, she came not long ago within an hour or two of equalling the record of the newly-built German liner *Bremen*.

Many people, I know, believed that her "slender" lines would tend to make her difficult in bad weather: more liable to damage by stress. The gallant *Mauretania* proved those prophets false.

With the regularity of an express train, she has crossed and re-crossed between Southampton and New York, reeling off the knots like so much child's play. And she is still doing it!

Do you wonder then, if, in the evening of my days, I do not look upon her—and everything to do with her—as combining the "greatest hours" that any man could hope to live?

Mauretania ahoy! I salute you!

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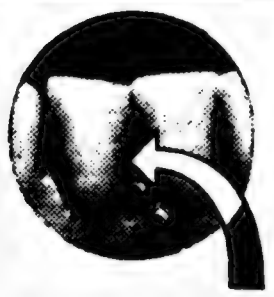

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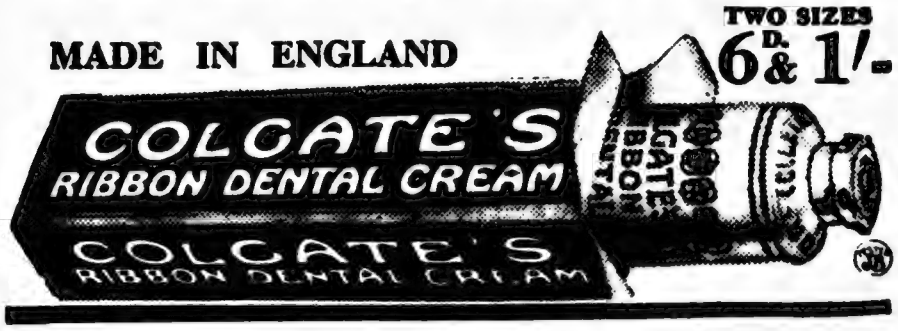

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Flat Design or Gothic Shape.

4 ft. across path	..	..	5/6
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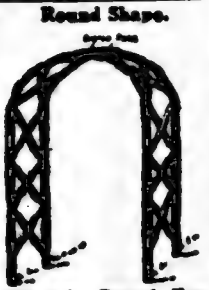

500 only Round Top Rustic Arches in Larch

ft.in.	Fir.	ft.high.	
3 6	across path	8	9/-
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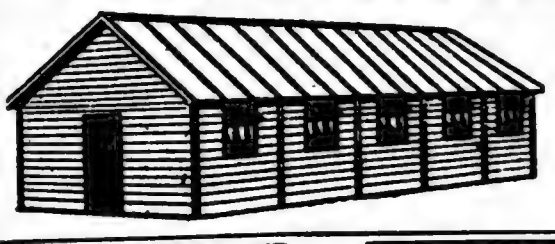

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20 ft.	10 ft.	7 ft.	£13 10 0	£3	0 0
25 ft.	10 ft.	7 ft.	15 10 0	3	15 0
30 ft.	10 ft.	7 ft.	19 17 6	4	10 0
40 ft.	10 ft.	7 ft.	28 0 0	6	0 0
20 ft.	15 ft.	8 ft.	29 10 0	4	10 0
25 ft.	15 ft.	8 ft.	35 0 0	5	12 6
30 ft.	15 ft.	8 ft.	40 0 0	6	15 0
40 ft.	15 ft.	8 ft.	41 0 0	9	0 0
50 ft.	15 ft.	8 ft.	50 0 0	11	5 0
60 ft.	15 ft.	8 ft.	60 0 0	13	10 0
20 ft.	20 ft.	8 ft.	27 0 0	6	0 0
25 ft.	20 ft.	8 ft.	33 15 0	7	10 0
30 ft.	20 ft.	8 ft.	40 10 0	9	0 0
40 ft.	20 ft.	8 ft.	52 0 0	12	0 0
50 ft.	20 ft.	8 ft.	67 5 0	14	10 0
60 ft.	20 ft.	8 ft.	80 0 0	18	0 0

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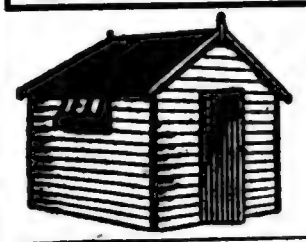

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8 ft.	6 ft.	6½ ft.	..	4 0 0	15/-
9 ft.	7 ft.	7½ ft.	..	5 0 0	20/-
10 ft.	8 ft.	7½ ft.	..	6 0 0	24/-
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50 Only to Clear.				
12 ft.	7 ft.	6 ft.	£10 0 0	£8 0 0
75 Only to Clear.				
15 ft.	8 ft.	6 ft.	12 10 0	9 10 0
50 Only to Clear.				
16 ft.	9 ft.	7 ft.	15 0 0	11 0 0

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EVERY lady with fair hair should try the marvellous Beautifying Power of Edwards "HARLENE" Camomile Golden Hair Wash, a wonderful preparation which produces that rare Ash Blonde effect and imparts a glorious light-gold "Sunshine" touch to Fair Hair. It transforms dull hair into a "halo of sunshine" and has started a new fashion known as "Sunshine Blonde." Edwards "HARLENE" Camomile Golden Hair Wash will bring out the *true* beauty of your fair hair. Money refunded within one month of purchase, under our guarantee, if not satisfied.

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BY ONE OF LIFE'S MOST DREADED COMPLAINTS

—yet needlessly!

How can you hope to do the best by yourself in business in sport, in life's many activities, if you are burdened down and handicapped by Piles? There is no human evil so incapacitating and wrecking of happiness. Yet thousands suffer needlessly. Overwhelming proof has been given that Piles are caused by internal disorders. Correct these and the complaint vanishes, even in stubborn cases. The one dependable corrective is Pyltina Powders. They work upon the internal disorders which are the chief cause of Piles. They relieve the irritation and the pain. They bring permanent relief and lift that dread shadow of an operation out of your life for ever. Pyltina Powders have won the commendation of the medical profession and the enthusiastic praise of thousands of one-time sufferers.

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Pyltina Brand Powders, 5/- and 2/9 per box in U.K. Pyltina Tablets and Ointment 5/- each. Of all chemists or direct (postage 3d. extra) from Dept. 12, G. E. MUMFORD AND SONS, 169, Drummond Street, London, N.W.1.

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FREE book packed with valuable herbal prescriptions and recipes which have cured hundreds, and full information on the treatment of ill-health, and the value of simple Herbs — Nature's own Remedy. It is a Home Health Guide, which saves doctors' bills, and enables you to keep healthy and full of vitality—a gold-mine of essential information. Whatever your health trouble, you will find it dealt with here. You need never despair. Write for a copy of this splendid 112-page Book, containing many illustrations and diagrams. It is Free to all readers in the British Isles. To readers abroad 1/- per copy.

4, HUREH HOUSE, BRADFORD

THE Horse Won't Go —and this is Why..

WE live in a mechanical age. More and more motor vehicles make their appearance on our roads. And the problem of traffic congestion, especially in the streets of great cities, is increasingly occupying the attention and exercising the ingenuity of the Ministry of Transport.

Yet the horse does not seem to show any sign of dying out, of disappearing entirely either from country roads or town thoroughfares, as might be expected.

Why?

The survival of the horse, the noble friend and faithful servant of man from time immemorial, as a carrier or haulier of the many necessities of modern existence, amidst all this complexity of cranks and gears and swiftly revolving machinery, may at first sight appear to be one of the mysteries of our times.

We soon cease to wonder if we consider a few simple facts and figures regarding the services which the horse is still capable of rendering to mankind, and efficiently and inexpensively.

Look around you in the streets of London, or any other great city, and you can see for yourself how, in many respects, the horse remains supreme.

You will find many essential public services, such as the district distribution of mails, largely being carried out with the help of horses.

Without exception, the great railway companies, accustomed as they have been for over a hundred years to a form of mechanical traction which at first largely supplanted horse transport, still employ horses to draw their delivery vans.

The great multiple stores and chain shops, while they also employ mechanical traction, use horse-drawn vehicles to carry home their town customers' purchases.

Who has not remarked on the pretty ponies, so engagingly confidential with householders and passers-by that they step across the pavements and nuzzle in one's pockets for dainties when they come round with the milk? One large milk-distributing concern has nearly three thousand of them in its service.

Take a stroll down Fleet Street, and see what a large percentage of those heavy lorries loaded with as much as five tons of printing paper for the newspaper presses are drawn by horses.

The reason is that it has been found by experience that for certain forms of transport horses are more efficient, more reliable, and less expensive than mechanical traction.

A great worker

Figures supplied by a leading London stores, from an analysis of its costing accounts for the year 1931, are extraordinary in their revelation of the comparative inexpensiveness of horse transport.

On a daily computation, working eight hours a day, with 313 working days in the year, a single-horse van costs 18s. 6¾d., compared with a cost of £1 7s. 0¼d. for a 25-cwt. motor-van. A pair-horse van costs £1 3s. 7¾d., compared with £1 17s. 7¾d. for a five-ton motor-van

It is not only in daily cost, however, that the remarkable economy of the horse-drawn vehicle is evident. The initial outlay and length of life is a striking factor in the relative costs.

The average cost of a heavy draught commercial horse and wagon is approximately £160. The active life of a horse is about eight years, and the life of the wagon, kept in proper condition, up to twenty years.

For the same amount of capital as would be required to put a heavy motor lorry in commission, five, or even six, first-class horse vans could be put on the road. Moreover, each of these five or six vans could cover a different area, and the total depreciation on all of them would not exceed £60 a year.

Mr. T. Eaton Jones, Chief Veterinary Officer of the City of Liverpool, recently pointed out that before the horse enters upon a life of commercial usefulness it can with advantage be utilised on a farm, and when its work on the roads or city streets is done it can go back to the land.

A horse at two and at two and a half years old is fit for work on the land. At five years old he can come to town and be put to hard work. From five to seven his value is appreciating, so that as a seasoned animal, with five years of work in hand, he is worth more than on the day he was bought.

What a pull!

And he has still quite another five years of good work, and after that he can return to agriculture.

And can't a horse pull! Records of the work he will make light of are almost incredible.

One shire horse has pulled a load of four and a half tons uphill and down for two and a half miles.

At a shire horse show two horses, yoked tandem fashion to a dockside wagon, pulled 18½ tons deadweight on granite setts, and 16½ tons on wood blocks. And in this instance the shaft-horse pulled the whole weigh self before the trace-horse menced to throw his weight job!

A fair estimate of the ho bilities, according to Mr. Ea who is an acknowledged would be:

Single horse cart—Load, 3 t
Team (2) do.—Load, 4 to
Single wagon—Load, 3½ to 5
Team (2) wagon—Load, 5 to
Average speed—2½ miles pe
Distance—12 to 16 miles pe
Gradients—Up to 1 in 15.

The recognition of the va horse for certain forms of t increasing, not only in thi but also abroad.

Mr. H. N. Taylor, of t States Trucking Corporat York, who are the owner horses and 150 motor lorrie stated:

"We have a contract in to handle all parcel post using horses. We have d with the motor. Every p parcel post in the city of N delivered by a horse, because ing time while wagons unloaded and delivered thro ings by the postmen is so the horse can do it at abou cost of a motor."

The horse is an indispens in our basic industry of agri is economic in all commer takings; he is essential for t of an army; he comes within of the small trader; and he p only pleasure, but employm large number of people.

Collectively, the food eate is no small item of profit to farmer.

In the breeding and m of horses of all kinds a created within agriculture millions upon millions of value.

Yes; it will be a long time the horse dies out.

by

Major-General Sir JOHN MOORE,

President-Elect of the National Horse Association

"Look around and you how, in many respects, th remains supreme"

COMPLETE GARDENER

GARDENERS, amateur and expert alike, can learn all there is to know about gardening, from the Encyclopædia which has just been compiled on the subject.

Edited by Mr. Richard Sudell and based on the research of many experts, it consists of well over a thousand pages with over six hundred drawings and photographs, some in colour.

Mr. Sudell has had many years of practical experience as a gardener and as a lecturer and adviser to amateur gardeners.

The Encyclopædia is therefore of immense value to the allotment owner or small gardener as well as to the man who is able to talk glibly about "shifting those vacciniums" or "double trenching my escallonias."

It is a guide no gardener can afford to be without.

Take a pride in your hair

Use Field's, the finest Solid Brilliantine. Keeps the hair in perfect order, and ensures a healthy scalp and vigorous growth. The Lavender fragrance is delightfully refreshing.

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Incorporates every comfort feature that modern science can devise—SPRINGS SPRUNG ON SPRINGS, ALL-HAIR STUFFING with top layer of wadding, BEST BIRCH FRAME, INDESTRUCTIBLE STEEL WEB that cannot sag, and COVERINGS in the newest designs and colourings.

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is a FULL-SIZE EASY CHAIR. Carefully upholstered throughout: best Birch frame; long coppered-steel springs in seat and back; indestructible steel web; and covered with beautiful hard-wearing materials of your own selection, it is a real masterpiece of comfort and VALUE.

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Lissen have published a 1/- Constructional Chart, giving the most detailed instructions ever printed for the building of a wireless set. You can't go wrong—you are told what to do with every part, every wire, every terminal—everything is identified by photographs. Everybody, without any technical knowledge or skill, can safely and with COMPLETE CERTAINTY undertake to build this most modern of radio receivers from the instructions given and the parts Lissen have supplied. This new Lissen SKYSCRAPER Kit Set is the only one in the market that you can build yourself employing a Metallised Screened-grid Valve, High Mu Detector and Economy Power Pentode. Around these three valves Lissen have designed a home constructor's kit the equal of which there has never been before. Why be satisfied with whispering foreign stations when you can BUILD WITH YOUR OWN HANDS this LISSEN SKYSCRAPER that will bring in loudly and clearly distant stations in a profusion that will add largely to your enjoyment of radio?

To-day you can buy the LISSEN SKYSCRAPER KIT on Gradual Payment Terms:

Skyscraper Chassis Kit, complete with Valves, CASH PRICE 89/6. Or 8/6 down and 12 monthly payments of 7/6.

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Please send me Free copy of your 1/- Skyscraper Chart.

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194 TOOTHPASTES REJECTED

BUT THE 195th . . . !

Every year—you might almost say every month—that goes by brings us some new record of scientific achievement. Somebody travels faster or flies higher than man has ever gone before. Somebody invents something that makes our ears or telephones or radio sets more efficient. Somebody discovers something which will add a little more to our comfort or well-being on this earth.

It has happened again within the last few weeks with the bringing to perfection of the new Milton toothpaste. Here was a firm already famous for having produced a harmless and yet immensely powerful antiseptic fluid—known as Milton. Having provided the wearer of false teeth with a long needed, scientific and simple way of cleansing them, the proprietors of Milton have now produced for the owners of natural teeth a greatly superior toothpaste.

It was not easy. Many good toothpastes already existed. But the Milton people knew that a better toothpaste than them all **could** be made. And so they set about it—through more than two years of ceaseless research. Scores of ingredients were tried and tested. No fewer than a hundred and ninety-four formulas were explored—and put aside. Then at last was found the one which satisfied even the most ambitious ideals which the makers set themselves.

Flavour—so delicious that you almost want to **eat** the toothpaste, leaving in your mouth and on your breath a spring-like freshness. Cleaning power—so marked that your teeth **in a few days** take on their original, and perhaps forgotten, sparkle (and without the use of any gritty or damaging ingredient!). A consistency—that penetrates to the deepest cranny of your teeth. The makers tell you frankly with every tube that there is none of the famous Milton fluid in this paste—and they tell you why.

Will you try Milton toothpaste? You will not only **like** it—its fine **fresh**, delicious taste—but you will be **grateful** for the wonders it works with your teeth.

This Dental Cream costs only sixpence for the ordinary-sized tube, and a shilling for the large one (more than double the size). Milton Dental Cream, in fact, is not only so much better—it's even cheaper.

Zubes ease your throat and make you GLOW

'GO-suck a ZUBE'

Zubes are best for throat and chest. They give a pleasant glowing warmth as you suck them. Ideal for wet, cold and foggy days.

ZUBES

2½D. PER OUNCE Loose (Except in I.F.S.) 3D. and 6D. for the Airtight Tins

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Is your hair falling out? Are you troubled with Dandruff? Try the **NEW DEJAY HAIR LIFE TONIC** in powder form, delicately perfumed. When dissolved makes a half-pint of the finest HAIR TONIC you can use. Beautiful Hair makes Beautiful Women. 1/- per packet POST FREE

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J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

DOCTORS OF To-morrow

TEN to one you have only seen medical students at an inter-hospital football match or a "rag" on behalf of some charity, and so have wondered by what process of training they can be turned into surgeons with steady hands or physicians with the complete bedside manner.

Well, the hospitals that train them see to that.

They will tell you that this raw material of to-day is no less wild and irresponsible than that of past generations from which our most famous specialists came—and they should know.

They will convince you that Thomas Huxley, greatest of all biologists, was never above a "lark" with his student friends when he was studying at a London hospital. And that Livingstone, another London medical student, so enjoyed all the fun that was going that he would certainly be a central figure in hospital "rags" if he lived to-day.

Most of the greatest specialists of Harley Street have yelled themselves hoarse on football grounds, sported Kaffir make-up and brilliant rosettes, and "high jinks" in the public streets, and thrown a few bags of spot or flour in their time.

A student gets down to the job of seeing at close quarters the disease germ it will be his life's work to fight

THE public rarely sees our doctors of the future except during their very occasional hours of play. The opportunities of seeing them with their noses to the grindstone in the very hard apprenticeship they have to serve are comparatively few. And the world misjudges the medical student in consequence.

The plain fact is that our hospitals have never had better and more eager raw material from which to mould the doctors of the future. Never before have there been so few students with "father's money to live on." Never has the medical student had to cover such a wide field of study and put in so many hours of gruelling work as he does to-day.

Medical students are "rich young men" no longer. They have got to learn or go under in life. And both they and their hospitals see that they do learn.

Almost without exception, to-day, they have embarked on a medical career because they feel it is a mission in life, often without knowing where the money is coming from and dependent to some extent on the hospital that teaches them or some organisation that helps with their expenses.

Nor are they all the keen-faced type of young man you think them to be. They are of all ages, from sixteen to sixty, and of both sexes. Only a few weeks ago the mother of three children took a degree in surgery; and white hairs are common in the medical schools of our hospitals.

It is by no means rare to find a man who has carved out a good career for himself in commerce burn his boats and start again as a medical student. It is what he always wanted to be—but he has had to wait until he has earned the money before he could start.

Only those who have met such stalwarts know what it means for a man whose schooldays are generations distant to start "swotting" for exams. again, beginning with the most elementary of them, and conscious of the fact that the little knowledge he remembers so dimly is out of date anyhow!

There are dentists among them in large numbers — either men who have used dentistry to earn them the money required for a doctor's training, or dental practitioners who realise that medical degrees are going to be a great help to them in their profession.

And more students than ever before are the sons, or daughters, of men who have to struggle for years to give their children the chances they want.

HERE, then, is the material. What is the hospitals' part in turning it into men and women who are going to fight and conquer disease?

First it discerns the specialist of the future almost as soon as he arrives, picks him out from the scores and scores that present themselves. How? It couldn't tell you itself. All it knows is that results rarely show it to be wrong, and that if it can get four such young men in a year it is lucky.

It cannot try out the budding specialist in practice for a very long time. For he has before him from five to six years of hospital training, the first two years of it the drudgery of laboratory and lecture-hall study without contact with a patient. Then follows the two years of clinical training in which he actually meets the patients.

Having found its specialist—or ideal practitioner, or just the man for a public health job, or whatever it is it sees he is best fitted for—the hospital must give him of its best, see that his training is based on bang-up-to-the-minute knowledge, and take care that he develops along lines suited to his special gifts.

One man will come along determined to make surgery his special study. It may be necessary to convince him that his best work will be as a physician. Another who may aim at being a general practitioner may show unmistakable signs that he is better suited for public health work. Medicine must diagnose as far as its own recruits are concerned—and diagnose rightly.

And perhaps most important of all is the necessity of bringing the student on and on until he can do the most serious work, and yet never giving him a job that he is not absolutely able to do.

How many hundreds of minor operations he must see before he is trusted to lance a boil. And how many hundreds of major operations of a particular type he must witness at the hands of famous surgeons before he is trusted with the simplest task.

IT is great and important work, training the doctors of the future—one of the most important aspects of the work of our great hospitals. On how they do it the health of us, our children and all who are to follow them depends.

No hospitals in the world can give a more thorough training than our hospitals do.

They could do better if they were not hampered by lack of money.

This is where you can help them. If you turn to page 20 you will see details of the great "On to Prosperity" Hospital Contest.

At a cost of sixpence you may win wealth and happiness for the rest of your days. You will certainly be helping, by providing a fighting force of the future against disease, to bring nearer the golden day when the scourges that afflict mankind are effaced.

Race with "Silver Ring"

The Jumpers' ASCOT

TEN thousand pounds added to the prize-money by the executive, a gathering of the "best people," and the pick of the 'chasers and hurdlers in the country competing against each other, is the reason the National Hunt meeting at Cheltenham is known as the Jumpers' Ascot.

The N.H. Handicap of four miles brings together a number of Grand National celebrities; the Gold Cup another field of Aintree candidates; while the National Hunt 'Chase, also four miles, is the amateur riders' Blue Riband.

As the race is confined to maidens under N.H. rules—mainly hunters and point-to-point performers—the event sets backers a difficult problem. In recent years I have been fortunate in spotting the winner on several occasions. Patsy V., Ardvasar and Sir Lindsay came up for us, and we did not have the best of luck when Dusty Foot was narrowly beaten twelve months ago.

I shall leave my selection to the Code, but three I know to be fancied are Redecision, Teme Star, and Most Valiant.

The National Hunt Handicap may be won by Quite Calm.

The Gold Cup I leave to Golden Miller.

Gatwick this week-end: Kellsboro' Jack may again strike winning form, and the International Hurdle will probably go to Wenceslas.

The Code selections are doing very well. Sweet Nothings and Strapping brought off a 17½ to 1 "double," and Negro, 7 to 2, obliged at Newbury.

For the Spring handicaps I suggest that, in keeping an eye on the horses you fancy, there is no safer or more interesting way of doing so than by reading the *Sporting Life* Weekly Edition. Each week therein you will find the cream of sporting news collected and presented to you by experts. It pays to follow them.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, March 2, to Wednesday, March 8.

O A Q C 93 B 94 M P U X Z R 98 T P
S K H J I 95 E D V Y 97 L W N 96 G

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

W94O93MY94 would read RESIDUE.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure is substituted. K96ZK96MKZ94 would read ANNANDALE.

£3,650 Won

IN

"John Bull" Crossword No. 200.

In the above competition, correct solutions were received from the following three competitors, who share the £3,250 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £1,083 6s. 8d. will be sent.

J. Maguire, 557, Bolton Rd., Pendlebury, Manchester.
C. Taylor, 4, Grove Wood Gdns., Hildenboro', Tonbridge.
Miss E. G. Tomlinson, 124, Delaval Rd., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, March 21st, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the award of £200 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 54 competitors, from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £3 14s. 1d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

CROSSWORD No. 199. The extra £100 offered in this contest has been divided between 51 entrants and payments of £1 19s. 3d. are being despatched accordingly.

Another Splendid X-word with a First Prize of £100 a Year for Life and £200 cash, and prizes for Runners-up appears on Page 43. Try your skill now!

INDIANS' SECRET OF HAIR GROWTH

A marvellous hair-grower is used by American Indians and reported to effect a profuse growth of hair in a very short time. The juice of a rare plant and genuine bear fat are active ingredients.

A small fuzz develops on bald places in a few weeks, after which the hair grows rapidly. Falling hair stops and dandruff disappears. A proof box of Kotalko, sample of Kotalko Soap, and "The Indians' Secret" Booklet may be obtained by sending threepence in stamps to John Hart Brittain, Ltd., 2, Percy Street (53.WE.), London, W.1.

SKIN DISEASES

Marvellous Results of New Blood Treatment.

The New Elasto Treatment is bringing quick relief and permanent cure to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Varicose Veins, Bad Legs, Piles, and other Diseases of the Skin and Circulatory System.

It is prepared in tiny tablets to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the least costly and the most effective treatment ever devised.

Send for Free Sample

Elasto treatment is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day, Now! Or send 5/- for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!

The NEW ERA TREATMENT COMPANY, Ltd. (Dpt. 15A), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

HEAD COLD GONE

Instant relief from Colds, Catarrh and Stuffiness! A touch of "Nostroline" clears head, nose, throat, chest. Defeats infection. Soothes from nostril to lung. Splendid for Children.

1/3 and 3/- all Chemists.

'NOSTROLINE'

Free Sample from "Nostroline" J.25, Clifton, Bristol

GRAVES 'TRIUMPH' BALE

Two super quality White All Wool Blankets, no cotton in them. Blue borders, whipped ends. 60 x 80in; pair 7½lb.
Two White Fleecy Blankets, whipped ends. 60x80in. 4lb.
Two Grey Bolton Twill Hemmed Sheets. 70 x 90in. 6lb pr.
One Fadeless Alhambra Hemmed Quilt. 72 x 94in.
One Bleached Damask Table Cloth. 54 x 54in.
Two Pure White Pillow Cases. Size 30in x 30in.
One Pure White Bolster Case to match. 20 x 60in.

IMPORTANT.—As extra advantage we include a 16-Piece Cutlery Service, from our Sheffield Factory—6 Stainless Sheffield Steel Knives, 6 Dessert Forks, 6 Dessert Spoons, 6 Tea Sp'ns. Wear white all through.

Complete Bale, with the 16-Piece Cutlery Service, Carriage Paid. Price £3

5/- NOW, & 5/- MONTHLY.

Catalogues Post Free.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

We Will Give This Valuable Present FREE To Every Woman Reader of This Paper

New Easy Way To Real Complexion Beauty

You can get a marvellous, fresh, lovely complexion to-day! Great Beauty Specialists the world over testify that because it is scientifically blended with Mousse of Cream, Poudre Tokalon gives remarkable results absolutely unobtainable with ordinary face powders. Mousse of Cream makes the powder stay on in wind, rain and even in spite of perspiration from dancing. Gives perfectly natural looking beauty instantly, which lasts all day whatever you are doing.

That is why Poudre Tokalon is used regularly by cinema and stage beauties—women whose business it is to be beautiful. If you would have a fresh, youthful loveliness which women will envy and men adore, try Poudre Tokalon, the only Mousse of Cream Powder to-day.

Here is an opportunity—which will probably never again be presented—for any woman reader of this paper to get a box of the famous Poudre Tokalon absolutely without cost. It is included in the magnificent Gift Set here illustrated. You have only to mark on the coupon which shade of powder you prefer.

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Thousands of women have obtained a new clear, white skin and banished wrinkles, blackheads and enlarged pores by the daily use of Tokalon Skinfoods. White Colour (Vanishing) for the day—it whitens and softens the skin. Rose Colour for night use—it nourishes and rejuvenates the skin while you sleep. Tokalon Rose Skinfood contains 'Biocel,' the recent discovery of Vienna Medical Professors, which in official tests removed wrinkles in six weeks from women of sixty years of age. A tube of both Tokalon White and Rose Skinfoods is included in the Free Gift Set here illustrated. Simply send the Coupon below with 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc. The Beauty Outfit itself is free.

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ACCEPT THIS BEAUTY OUTFIT FREE

VALUABLE GIFT COUPON

To Tokalon Ltd., (Dept. 222 V),
Chase Road, London, N.W.10.

Please send me the Special BEAUTY OUTFIT containing:
1 tube Tokalon Rose Skinfood
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Samples of the most popular shades of Poudre Tokalon.
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I Prefer Powder Shade.....
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You need never hesitate to buy goods advertised in "John Bull"—they are all Guaranteed. The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 12

Shave with a "LAUREL"

INFLUENZA! TAKE

FENNINGS'

THE GREAT PREVENTIVE AND REMEDY FOR INFLUENZA, COLDS, FEVERS AND INFECTIOUS DISEASES.

70 YEARS REPUTATION.

FEVER CURER

Sold in Bottles at 1/3

SEND FOR THIS.
FENNINGS' "EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR"
Post Free on Application to:—
ALFRED FENNINGS, COWES, I.W.
WHEN WRITING PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER.

AWFUL SKIN TROUBLE from Wrists to Elbows

Mr. W. P. TAGG.

"FOR years and years I've been troubled with nasty eruptions and sores," says Mr. William P. Tagg, a boatswain, of 17, Owen Street, Edge Hill, Liverpool. "My arms from elbows to wrists were in a shocking state. I've had 30 to 40 discharging sores at once. They kept me off work many a week.

"I spent pounds on different preparations but nothing comes up to Zam-Buk Ointment. It drew all poison out of the sores and the ease it brought was simply great. Zam-Buk healed my arms perfectly when nothing else could. It dried up all the nasty sores, gave me a clear, healthy skin. Zam-Buk is the healer to keep always handy."

Zam-Buk Ointment cures because of the wonderful herbal oils which penetrate through the tissues and reach the seat of disease. Splendid for eczema, pimples, blotches, chapped hands, ulcers, piles, cuts, burns, etc. 1/3 or 3/- box. All chemists.

ZAM-BUK BRAND

PENETROL INHALANT BRAND

Now obtainable in Trial Size 6d

Also 1/3 & 2/- ALL CHEMISTS

WRITE DIRECT THE BIG TWO NO AGENTS

THE LINCOLN AND THE NATIONAL

Send for Long Odds Price List.
EVERY HORSE QUOTED.

LETTER COMMISSIONS FROM 1/- up to any amount accepted in accordance with rules.

Commissions bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of the race—any race—will be on at Full Starting Price or Totalisator Returns as desired.

WINNINGS BY RETURN

THE "BIG TWO" "CHALLENGER" FIXED PRICE FOOTBALL LISTS

6-LEAGUE 5-LEAGUE 4-LEAGUE

NOTHING BARRED NOTHING STARRED

SEND FOR PARTICULARS OF OUR COMPLETE SERVICE

DAVID COPE

& ALFRED H. MAURICE, LTD.,
227, BATH STREET, GLASGOW, C.2

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

SPORTSMANSHIP: The Best Example I Know

IN my estimation the finest act of sportsmanship was that of Capt. Oates, a member of Capt. Scott's Antarctic expedition.

To read the stirring story of how, being unwell, he walked out alone into the silent wastes to die—thereby saving his companions being burdened with a sick man and giving them a greater chance to save their own lives—makes one's heart glow with admiration.

Was there ever a greater act of noble sportsmanship in the great game of life than that of this very gallant gentleman? —*Geo. A. Watson, Tynemouth.*

Kids Win

Two men are waiting outside a steelworks in the hope of securing casual work. The manager appears and is accosted by both men, asking, "Any chance of a start, sir?"

After studying both keenly, he replied, "Well, I want one, and I don't care which it is," and disappeared inside.

The men looked at each other, and then one asked. "You married?" "Yes," was the reply "Any kids?" "Yes, three." "All right, you can have it; I'm single."

With that the good sportsman walked off.—*James Meredew, London.*

No Colour Bar

In India my regiment (cavalry) held its annual sports. A coveted prize was a cup for the winner of a jumping competition open to all the troops, British and Indian. Our favourite made a fine "run," losing only half a point.

Then a Sepoy, almost coal-black, entered the ring He jumped a "difficult" horse faultlessly, and was declared the winner.

Then arose a mighty cheer as, without thought of race or colour, six hundred defeated British sportsmen showed their appreciation of a magnificent display of horsemanship.—"*Lancer*," *Norwich.*

Sister Fan

My girl friend has a crippled brother, a football and cricket fan, and every Saturday now she wheels his invalid chair to the local football-ground. In summer it is to the cricket-field.

Although she cares for neither game, no one, least of all her brother, would guess it, so wholeheartedly does she discuss players and game with him.

I call her real sporty.—*Miss Harrison, Liverpool.*

Real Pal

I met sportsmanship at its best one night on the Somme. I was tired and almost too weak to crawl, when I received instructions to join a working party and carry a reel of barbed wire to the front trenches a mile away.

A comrade who had already done the journey three times that night noticed my condition. He took the wire from me, and motioned me to get in a dug-out, while he did the trip once more in my place.—*Ex-Service Man, King's Heath.*

Biggest Game

The best example of sportsmanship is being enacted daily, in the lives of those who are playing the game of life against great odds.

Men and women striving to reach their goal, seemingly failures, as far as worldly success is concerned, but still endeavouring to play the game to the best of their ability.

Sportsmen all, for they have learned to play a losing game with a winning smile.—*E. R., Swansea.*

Little Hero

Four years ago, my little son, seven years old, was ill. The doctor diagnosed diphtheria, and he was taken to hospital.

His "Mum, I shall not cry, like some boys do," nearly broke my heart; but I imitated his sporting spirit and bore up.

For seven weeks his brave heart fought this dread disease. Nurse said "He was a rare brave child, not crying even when needles were used."

His little grave remains my supreme inspiration to courage.—*M. Arnold, Middlesex.*

By Proxy

Visiting an orphanage recently, I witnessed a race for little girls. The prize was a doll. One little mite, being crippled, looked on wistfully.

The race was won by a bright-eyed child of eight. On receiving the doll, she rushed across to her crippled companion and, thrusting the doll in her arms, exclaimed, "There; you've won!"

"But I didn't run," replied the child, her eyes beaming. "I know that, silly," said her friend; "but I ran for you."—*H. P. Whalley, Southampton.*

Died T

The late Sir Thoma thousands of pounds t yachting cup from Amer own money, and had he he would have been c it may have cost him d

He was a sportsman. gave a goodly part of humble grocer who ros the tree.

He died trying, and alt *rock* was defeated time never lost heart, but "played the game."—*C.*

Captains' C

Although the present matches has provided ing, it has also provided sporting gestures.

One was when, at the of an important match taken ill. Jardine insis procuring the best avail

The other was when of the fourth Test, ca to play a magnificent inn and Woodfull offered to

These examples of one take advantage of the o show the best sportsma *B. M. Setchfield, Cambs*

Birds C

Every morning the bir my window and splash i in my garden.

One of the latest arri with a broken leg, and this creature to splash a of hurting the limb.

On the arrival of this birds all line the edge the injured bird enj without risk, of the wh

It is a lesson to watc leave the pool to the s fortunate.—*B. A., Fleetu*

* *

The family doctor, alt are spent round a patie go on with his day's w time for sport, and yet can be a doctor.—*E. Wa*

Jack Petersen, while time ago, fought becau children, and as a resul gesture hundreds of p have had footwear.—*W.*

Football referees are sportsmanship of othe their job well. I have ried shoulder high, bu disappears to his dres *Smith, Lincs.*

ORIGINAL letters ject below, not words, are invited. for each letter publis "Shorts." Envelopes, Parliament," must re post on Tuesday, Marc

When I Lost M

EXPERT SOCCER FORECASTS

Selections for March 4

ENGLISH CUP—Round 6.

**(1) EVERTON v. Luton.
(2) DERBY v. Sunderland.
(3) Burnley v. MANCHESTER C.
(4) West Ham v. BIRMINGHAM.

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) BLACKPOOL v. Portsmouth.
(2) W. B. ALBION v. Newcastle.
(3) LEEDS v. Sheffield U.
*(4) ARSENAL v. Liverpool.
(5) BLACKBURN v. Huddersfield.
*(6) WEDNESDAY v. Wolverhampton.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) LINCOLN v. Oldham.
(2) SWANSEA v. Forest.
(3) Southampton v. HOTSPUR.
(4) Bradford C. v. Plymouth.
*(5) BURY v. Grimsby.
(6) CHESTERFIELD v. Bradford.
(7) Millwall v. Manchester U.
*(8) NOTTS COUNTY v. Charlton.
(9) Port Vale v. STOKE.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

**(1) BRENTFORD v. Southend.
(2) Torquay v. C. Palace.
(3) Orient v. BRIGHTON.
(4) Boscombe v. Reading.
(5) BRISTOL C. v. Aldershot.
(6) COVENTRY v. Q. P. Rangers.
**(7) EXETER v. Gillingham.
(8) Newport v. Cardiff.
(9) NORTHAMPTON v. Bristol R.
(10) Swindon v. NORWICH.

NORTHERN SECTION.

**(1) HALIFAX v. N. Brighton.
(2) Tranmere v. CHESTER.
(3) WREXHAM v. Barrow.
*(4) BARNSLEY v. Rotherham.
**(5) WALSALL v. Carlisle.
(6) Darlington v. Rochdale.
(7) DONCASTER v. Southport.
*(8) GATESHEAD v. York.
(9) HARTLEPOOLS v. Accrington.
**(10) HULL v. Mansfield.
(11) STOCKPORT v. Crewe.

SCOTTISH CUP—Round 4.

(1) Kilmarnock v. Motherwell.
(2) Albion Rovers v. CELTIC.
(3) Hibernians v. HEARTS.
(4) CLYDE v. Stenhousemuir.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

(1) PARTICK v. Queen's Park.
(2) St. Mirren v. Aberdeen.
(3) AIRDRIE v. Morton.
(4) Ayr v. St. Johnstone.
(5) Cowdenbeath v. HAMILTON.
(6) E. Stirling v. FALKIRK.
(7) Third Lanark v. RANGERS.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Division and number will be quoted as above, together with *H* for home and *A* for away team.

Example Code.—English Cup—1 (*H*); Div. I. 1—4 (*H*); Southern Section—7 (*H*); Northern Section—2 (*A*) would indicate Everton, Arsenal, Exeter and Chester.

Probable winners are set in capitals. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks, and next best with one.

Sciatica

The Successful treatment for pain.

Sleepless nights and mental worry caused by excruciating pain have caused thousands of sufferers to ask "How can I get rid of this terrible pain." In thousands of cases Sloan's Liniment has given the answer.

If you suffer from Sciatica or Rheumatic aches and pains try the effect of a few drops of Sloan's on the aching part. Instantly you feel the penetrating warmth of the liniment on throbbing nerves and tissues. Quickly all aching and soreness pass away and you are free from pain and worry.

A single bottle goes a long way. 2/- and 4/- of Chemists and Stores.

RHEUMATISM. LUMBAGO. SCIATICA. NEURITIS. BACKACHE. ALL ACHES & PAINS.

MADE IN ENGLAND

SLOAN'S LINIMENT KILLS PAIN

PEARL

ASSURANCE COMPANY LTD.

(Incorporated in England.)

HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

SIXTY-NINTH ANNUAL REPORT FOR YEAR ENDING 31st DECEMBER, 1932.

TOTAL INCOME	£15,808,961
CLAIMS PAID	£78,257,264
FUNDS	£73,420,038

ORDINARY BRANCH BONUS.

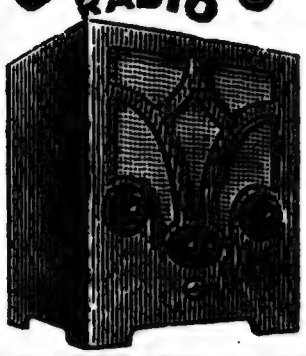
A simple Reversionary Bonus of £2-0-0 per cent has been declared on Pearl Policies entitled to participate in full profits.

INDUSTRIAL BRANCH BONUS.

A sum of £536,869 has been set aside to provide Reversionary Bonuses to Policies, with certain exceptions, effected before 1st January, 1926.

GEORGE TILLEY, *Chairman.*

GRAVES RADIO



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The GRAVES 'ARIEL' Set is a triumph of quality and value. Self contained in one cabinet of lovely polished Oak, 15½ x 13½ x 10in; every component of the highest class. All-Steel Chassis, Ferranti Transformer, S.M. Air Condenser, Partrix H.T and L.T. Batteries, latest type Mullard Valves; Simple Tuning Device. Made under Marconi Licence and designed to give the most natural and satisfactory reception of B.B.C. programmes and Foreign Stations within its range.

6/- NOW

This is your finest chance to get such a completely perfect set on terms of payment which you can easily afford. Our full price, with Aerial Outfit, Carriage Paid, is only £4.16.0

DO NOT BE MISLED; there is no extra charge for easy terms of 6/- per month; 1/6 per week, paid monthly, makes you the satisfied owner of the 'Ariel' 2-Valve Set, and ensures you and your family thousands of hours of pleasure and instruction.

CATALOGUE POST FREE, with full detailed particulars of this and other Battery and All-Mains Table and Pedestal Sets; also Radio Grams, all offered at the Keenest Prices on Easy Terms.

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DON'T TAKE RISKS WITH YOUR HEALTH!

'ASPRO' IS THE SAFE REMEDY

Why take risks with your health when you can buy a proved, safe and efficient remedy in 'ASPRO'—which has gained fame by its works and service throughout the civilised world? You can obtain 'ASPRO' at a very small price considering the great health-giving, pain-alleviating service that it renders. It will banish your headache—smash up a cold or 'flu attack—drive out your rheumatism—soothe your irritability and bring you calm, refreshing sleep. Keep it on hand always as insurance against pain. 'ASPRO' is the one thing which it is unwise and uneconomic to be without.

It not only banishes illness but prevents it. A list of complaints for which 'ASPRO' is very effective is given at the foot of this advertisement. Why not try 'ASPRO' to-day?

REMEMBER—'ASPRO' DOES NOT HARM THE HEART OR STOMACH

ASPRO REGD. TRADE MARK

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

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ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO.

Mother & Son Banish Colds

Mrs. Ditchfield writes from Bredbury: "My son and myself have taken 'ASPRO' and found them wonderful. Have thrown off many a serious cold by taking them.

Try 'ASPRO' for

INFLUENZA
HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS
NEURALGIA
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COLDS
LUMBAGO
IRRITABILITY
NEURITIS
HAY FEVER
NERVE SHOCK
PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
MALARIA
ASTHMA

'ASPRO' INVALUABLE

Endon Lodge, Nr. Pershore, Worcestershire.

Dear Sirs,

I feel I must tell you how wonderful your 'ASPRO' tablets have proved to my household. They have kept my children free all this winter from a nasty croupy cough, which each year I have looked forward to with dread; and myself a sufferer from rheumatism, for which I find your tablets invaluable. I am never without them and strongly recommend them to all I know. They really are little wonders I have given them a real good trial before writing you. Yours,

E. H. HICKMAN.

FAMILY USE 'ASPRO' AND FIND RELIEF

4, Church Terrace, Bushbury Lane, Wolverhampton.

Dear Sirs,

Having used your wonderful 'ASPRO' Tablets, I have received quick relief for nerves and neuralgia, also other ailments. Also the family have found relief.

Yours sincerely,

ARTHUR NASH (Mr.).

'ASPRO' IS A SAFE & EFFECTIVE GARGLE FOR SORE THROAT & TONSILITIS

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make a very excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsilitis, and act as a deterrent.

PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL 3D. 6D. 1/3 2/6

HUGE NEW 2-IN-1 PRIZE WHICH YOU CAN WIN

ENTER BY NOON THURS. MARCH 9

There is no time like the present for making your future secure. Sit down by the fire this evening, solve the amusing puzzle below and let "John Bull's" huge prize solve all your problems.

Within your reach to-day stands a Pension of £100 a year for life, accompanied by a substantial cash payment of £500. Should you prefer a single lump sum as your reward for half-an-hour's entertainment, a cheque for £1,250 can be yours.

Runners-up are not forgotten by "John Bull." Between them this week there are awards value £200 to be divided on the terms announced.

Here are your squares—and a series of interesting Clues to help you complete them. Get busy and see that your entry is in by noon, Thursday, March 9.

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of £100 a year and £500 cash (or a lump sum of £1,250 cash) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, March 16, 1933, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, March 23, 1933.

CLUES ACROSS

1. Very stiff fabric
5. Sonny's favourite word
7. Every schoolboy hates these
9. Step of a ladder
10. Entertain
14. An island
16. Pitcher for carrying water
18. He doesn't tell the truth
20. Increase in salary
21. Tavern
24. Worn on your foot
25. Six balls
27. Birds that return with summer
30. Charge for services rendered
31. Has sharp, uneven teeth
32. Bird that sings in the sky
33. Look for
34. Should be treated with care
35. Bad tenant gives collector none

CLUES DOWN

1. Dad has to give sonny at times
2. What most politicians take
3. Often arise from political quarrels
4. What happens to clothes at laundry
5. We always hope for a good one
6. Pigrish fellow
8. Rabbits are, by gang of poachers
11. Checks speed of many horses
12. Tune
13. Affirmative
15. Not sloping
17. Explains his shortcomings
18. Saucepan is usually supplied with one
19. Replies to questions
22. You may get this when playing cards
23. He often gets the bird
26. You do this to a joint
27. The ocean
28. Poem
29. Possess
30. Its germs can kill

If entering two Double Entry Forms cut them out separately—add name and address to each.

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, March 9, 1933.

2.—No competitor may submit more than two Double Entry Forms—(four squares). Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct, or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, March 23, 1933. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, April 4, 1933, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should First Prize be shared, £1,250 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

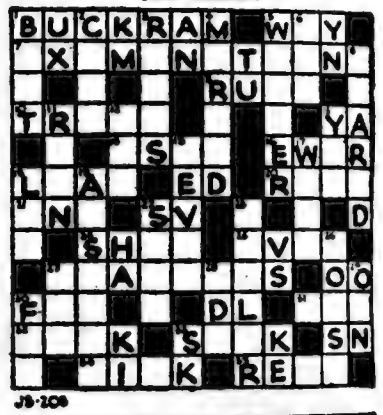
5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

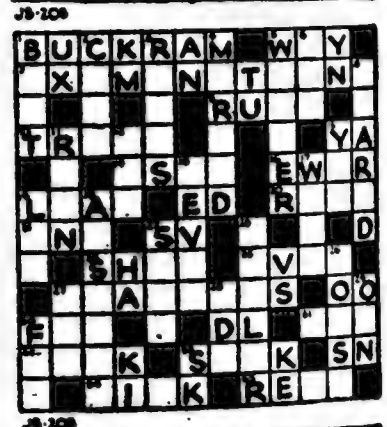
6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

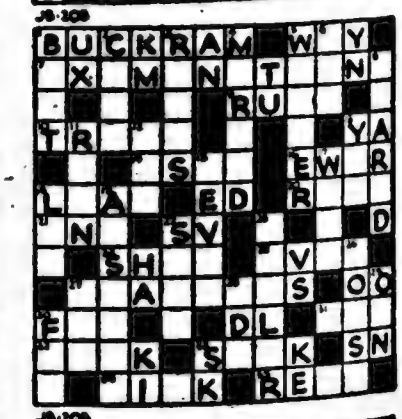
7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

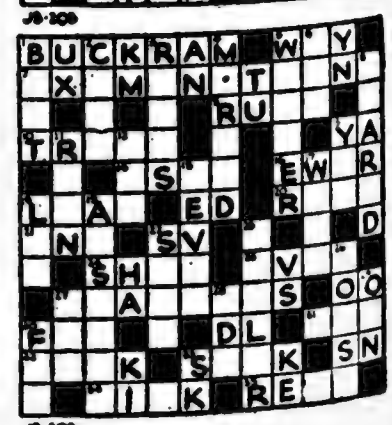
KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW.

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.

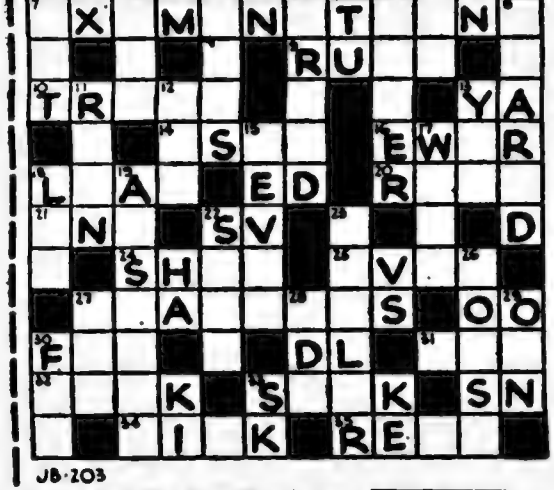








"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 203—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, MARCH 9, 1933.



JB·203

JB·203

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value.....No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

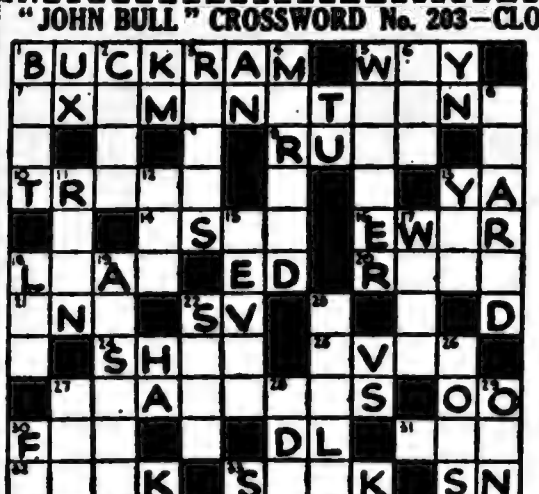
ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED .....

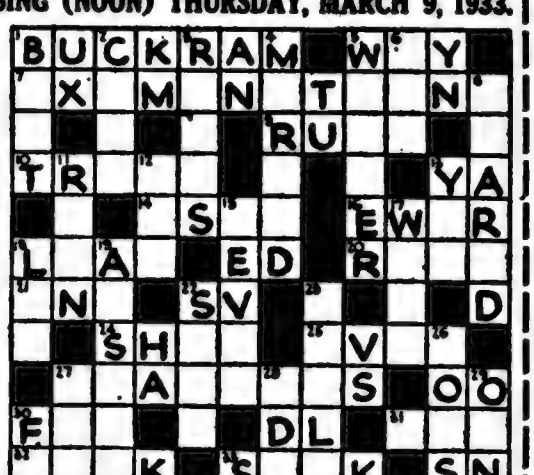
ADDRESS.....

.....

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 203—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, MARCH 9, 1933.



JB·203



JB·203

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value....No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

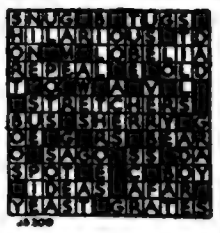
SIGNED .....

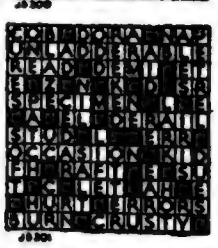
ADDRESS.....

.....

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

Solution of John Bull X-Words Nos. 200 and 201





Winners in Crossword No. 200 appear on page 37. Winners in Crossword No. 201 will be published next week.

The solution of "John Bull" Crossword No. 201 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our Crossword Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this Crossword, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

ENTRY FEE
With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING See Rule 1.

ADDRESS ENTRY
"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 203, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

The Editor Laughs LAST

W. A. (Worthing).—"I never believe in doing a thing by halves." How do you eat grapefruit, then?

C. H. (Shrewsbury).—"In the spring a good man's fancy sadly turns to thoughts of ——." Who last borrowed the spade?

L. S. (Carlisle).—"My wife says I am a man of rare gifts." See letter below.

R. S. (Carlisle).—"My husband hasn't given me a present in eight years." See letter above.

A. B. (Swindon).—"I won the game by using my head." A hollow victory.

BESSIE (Richmond).—"A fig for fashions!" That's what Eve had.

T. N. (Daventry). "What is a nine-days' wonder?" Any servant who stays so long.

H. M. (Tamworth). — "Will nothing be done to reduce the income tax?" Yes—nothing.

F. K. (Wimbledon). — "Is there nothing that will stop the after-dinner speaker?" Only hiccups.

T. R. (Buxton).—"What is better than good old English beer?" Finding out where they sell it.

R. M. (Truro).—"Strange thoughts go through my head." Well, they are in a strange place.

POET (Cambridge.) — "Which word in the English language means most to you?" Most.

F. D. (Chester).—"Low-backed frocks are said to make women irritable."..

MRS. L (Bristol).—"How can I improve the taste of an onion?" Add a pound of steak to it.

D. T. (Leeds).—"A singer recently held his audience for over two hours." Then he put it back in its cradle?

R. T (Cornhill).—"One of our best-known air pilots is a great practical joker." Always up to something.

S. G. (Machynlleth).—"What do you consider the most important point in this article?" The full stop at the end.

T F G. (Chelsea).—"I am sending you my poem, 'The Coming of Spring.'" You can now call it "The Return of Spring."

T. R. (Clacton).—"I never waste a penny on rubbish." So that's why you put only a halfpenny stamp on the envelope?

F. E. (Cranford).—"Our banking system is far from perfect." Have you recently had an interview with your bank manager?

S. L. (Northampton).—"Doctors have discovered a man who feels no pain when jabbed with needles, pins or other sharp instruments." The ideal taxpayer!

H. E. (Wallasey).—"Women are poor losers." Still, reducing is fashionable.

MISS T. (Halifax).—"The concert promoter begged me to save my voice." Until after the performance?

F. C. (Carlisle).—"I have great income-tax hopes this year." If they are not nipped in the Budget.

W. S. (Mortlake).—"I asked her for one kiss, and she refused." Evidently she is not in the retail business.

A. G. (Glasgow).—"Some bridge parties can be painful affairs." Particularly if you leave your shinguards at home.

COMEDIAN (Brixton).—"I have dissolved partnership with him, and am now a single turn." Joking apart.

P. N. (Luton).—"I am worried because I am losing my memory." Still, you will soon forget your worry.

H. O. (Lewes).—"We ought to get some real summer weather this year." What on earth have we done to deserve that?

S. T. (Romford).—"The music broadcast to-day satisfies the most critical ears." Evidently we haven't critical ears.

A. G. (Glasgow).—"What experience would you shrink from living over again?" Undoubtedly the reading of another letter from you.

N. O. M. (Prestatyn).—"The female crab produces over a million offspring in a year." No wonder "Papa" Crab's eyes stick so far out of his head.

A. T. (London, W.).—"People always pay attention to my short after-dinner speeches." Are you a waiter who says "Your bill, sir"?

ARTIST (Chelsea).—"Art breeds other art." It would seem so. Of 600 pictures painted by Corot at least 10,000 of them are in Europe.

S. W. T. (Tottenham).—"Some of the wireless programmes make me want to go bald-headed for those who arrange them." Steady, now; keep your hair on.

F. D. (Goole).—"Tho' you may not know it, I am a Spring Poet." Sorry, we can't waste time, reading such awful rhyme.

G. F. (London, W.).—"While walking over Westminster Bridge yesterday I saw three hats blown into the Thames." There must have been a head wind?

ESSAYIST (Bloomsbury).—"Each dawn brings renewed optimism and hope." And then the alarm-clock starts ringing and spoils everything.

MRS. D. (Streatham).—"My maid takes three hours to dust the furniture. How long would it take two maids working together?" About three days.

G. H. (Bournemouth).—"Rheumatism causes the sufferer to imagine that his joints are much larger than they really are." Then our butcher must have rheumatism.

T. M. (Bungay).—"A pair of robins are building their nest in the new lawn-mower I bought last week." We must try that yarn on our neighbours.

SHOPKEEPER (Tottenham Court Road).—"My trade is sure to improve in the summer." What do you sell, waders?

C. T. (Tilbury).—"Enclosed is a poem without a title. What would you call it?" Dreadful.

. . . Especially when some other woman has a lower one.

W. M. (Perth).—"What is a trial marriage?" Any marriage.

MISS D. (Bath).—"I dared him to kiss me." You admit it needs pluck?

A. N. J. (Southsea). — "Laugh at the 'flu!" But it's better to gargle than to giggle.

W. R. (Oundle). —"All that a man has is life." And even that is sometimes a dog's.

D. W. (Hastings). —"It's easy to pick out the best people." They'll help you to do it.

G. A. (Edinburgh).—"A thief stole my alarm clock." That was jolly decent of him.

REGGIE (Cardiff). —"Many a man sows wild oats in his youth." And ends up by growing sage.

S. B. (Blackburn).—"In every phase of life one must start at the bottom." Have you thought of learning swimming?

READER (Wimbledon).—"Where is a really pathetic short story to be found?" In many a pass-book.

D. R. M. (Edinburgh).—"What characteristic generally goes with a long tongue?" A short temper.

B. M. (Henley).—"The Boat Race crews are generally very temperamental." Yes, it is fatal to stroke them the wrong way.

K. O. T. (Ipswich).—"All that is needed to bring this country round is the right spirit." There is "still" hope.

H. N. (Ventnor).—"As I write this, it is very dull outside." It caused a deep depression in our office, too.

MRS. B. (Kensington).—"Our cat swallowed a small vanity bag of mine." And you got the vet. to let the bag out of the cat?

MRS. T. (Dalkeith).—"When are the defects in second-hand furniture most likely to be found?" When it's too late to get your money back.

RAFFIA WORKER (London, N.W.).—"To make a basket-chair show a profit, I have to work at a high speed." It's a rush job.

P. L. (Leeds).—"It is proved that blondes always suffer more than brunettes from influenza." So now we know that germs are gentlemen!

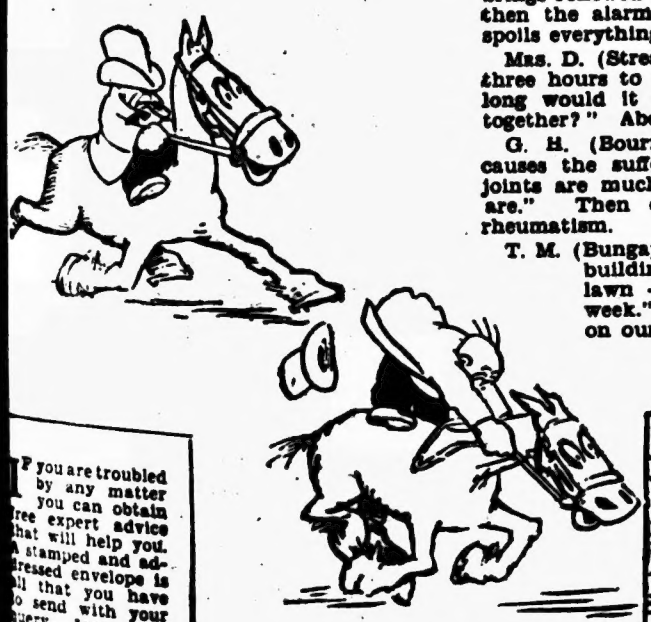
G. D. C. (Cambridge).—"What does the average man of normal intelligence know of Zoroastrianism?" It's hard to say.

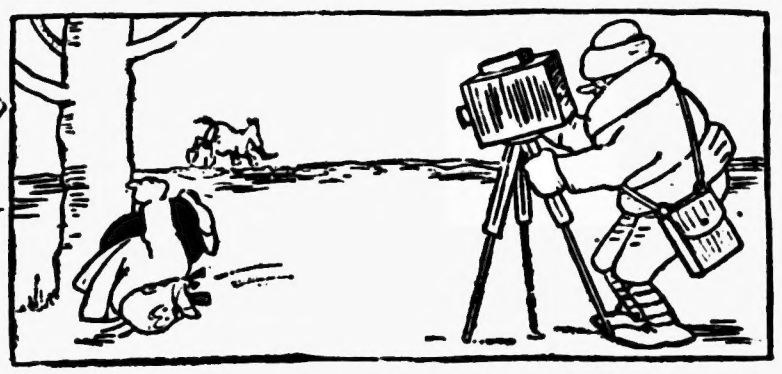
J. F. A. (Romford).—"When do we get that extra hour of daylight this year?" Not until April 9—but you can get a telegram on March 24 which will bring you *years* of sunshine. See page 43.

A. F. G. (Anglesea).—"An ex-bookkeeper was sentenced last week for breaking into two houses in one night." He's evidently still a strong believer in "double entry."

N. J. (Reading).—"Take a glance out of the window at the beginning of spring and what do you see?" That someone will soon have to begin tidying the garden.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)





ADAMSON is Taken for a Ride

IF you are troubled by any matter you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. JOHN BULL does the rest. Write to-day! The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

She Would Have Been Married Now...

And She Never Knew Why He Changed

Thousands of girls have failed to make the marriage of their heart's desire on account of this one thing. No man wants a fiancee or wife with ugly and disfiguring growths of hair. Even a trace showing through fine silk stockings will repel and disgust a man.

To-day — in three minutes you can say goodbye forever to this distressing affliction. No need to use razors which only make the hair grow coarser and faster. No need to use nasty smelling liquids and dangerous pastes. Wenlo-White, the amazing discovery of a British scientist, dissolves the Keratin as found in the hair and hair roots, and the hair immediately falls away, leaving the skin beautifully white, soft and smooth. Wenlo-White is now contained in NEW VEET (White Colour) guaranteed 100% pure. Delightfully perfumed. Look on the label for the words NEW VEET.

FREE: By special arrangement with the manufacturers, every woman reader of this paper can obtain a package of NEW VEET, containing Wenlo-White ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: Dae Health Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. 32 L), Cunard Rd., Chase Estate, London, N.W.10

HOT BATHS FOR RHEUMATISM

It is a fact well known to the medical profession that in severely painful cases of rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, neuritis, backache, etc., a course of hot medicated baths at some good mineral spring can always be depended upon to produce quick results. I know from personal experience the good results produced by hot sulphur baths, alkaline and saline baths, mud baths and mineral springs of various kinds; but after trying most of the well-known resorts both here and on the Continent I found a treatment at home which proved even better and certainly more prompt and lasting in its effects, also far more convenient. Never before did I experience the inexpressibly gratifying relief which followed a hot bath in which I had dissolved a handful of 'Reudel Bath Saltrates,' a compound which I obtained at trifling cost from my chemist. An occasional medicated and oxygenated bath thus produced has for nearly three years kept me entirely free of the constant gnawing, grinding, piercing pains, muscular soreness, and stiff joints which once made life utterly miserable for me.
—C. H. N.

Banish all RHEUMATISM

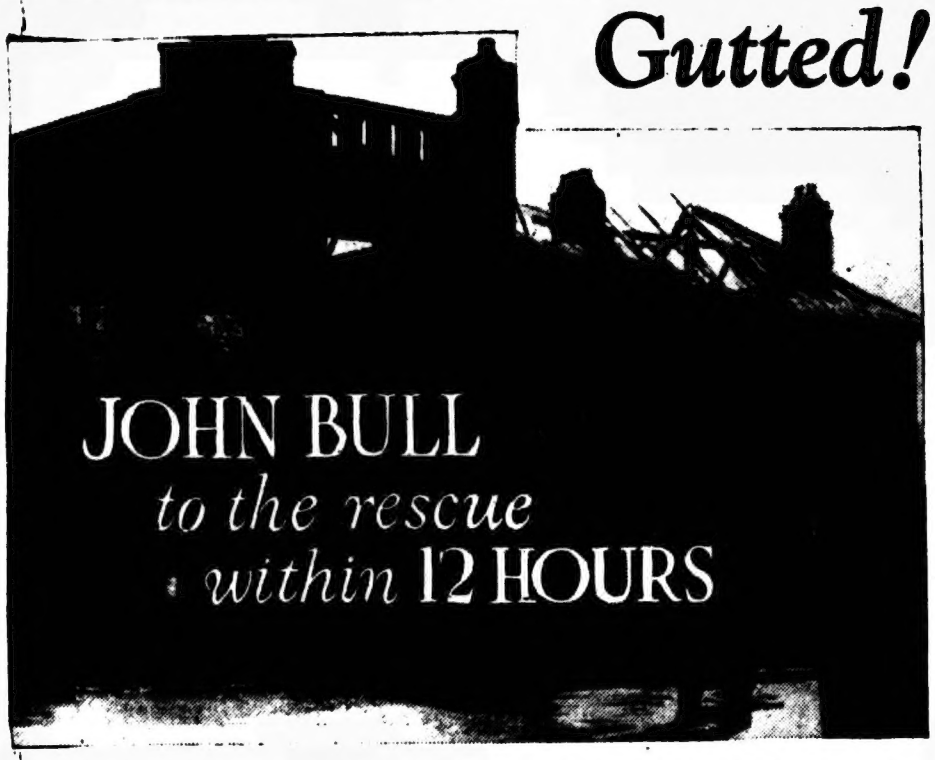
Rheumatism of every kind quickly yields to URACE Brand Tablets, because they dissolve the deadly uric acid that causes the pain, and drive it from the system.

URACE
BRAND TABLETS
1/3 3/- 5/- *from your Chemist*

WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLE to Urace Laboratories, Dept. 33, 23, Bunner Street, London, E.C.1

GOUT
CRAMP
BACKACHE
SCIATICA
NEURALGIA
NERVE PAINS
KIDNEY TROUBLES
INFLUENZA
LUMBAGO
Etc. Etc.

Reader's Home Gutted!



FIRE!—roaring flames visible 4 miles away—an outbreak that took 3 hours to subdue—a JOHN BULL reader's home in Pontardulais gutted—family possessions in ashes—wife taking refuge with neighbours, dazed and distraught.

A tragedy indeed! But within twelve hours JOHN BULL was to the rescue. A JOHN BULL representative, passing through Pontardulais and ascertaining that a registered reader's home was involved, instantly set to work to discover the extent of the loss. Within 48 hours a substantial cheque was despatched to the reader concerned, Mr. F. Morgan, which will enable him to replace the destroyed articles.

Such a disaster might come anybody's way. At any time fire may endanger your home; storm or flood may wreak their havoc.

Is your home covered against these ever-present risks? Have you yet registered for JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance Gift? If not, do so without delay.

JOHN BULL is the ONLY paper to cover your home against FIRE, STORM and FLOOD—the ONLY paper, too, that pays Sickness Benefits.

Remember—a cheque from JOHN BULL may some day be your salvation.

Register now on the Forms below.

AGAINST FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, SICKNESS, ACCIDENT & BURGLARY—"John Bull" covers you free!

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Coupon to your Newsagent**

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address .....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 4/3/33

CUT HERE

***Post* this Coupon to**

"John Bull" Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....

Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address..... of Newsagent.

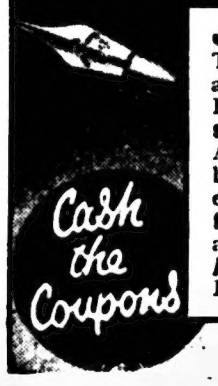
.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.**

J.B. 4/3/33

JOHN BULL'S GREAT NEW PEN OFFER!



JOHN BULL PEN COUPON.

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with **14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3D

He waited Eight Years for this Big Moment!

(By our Special "Bullets" Representative)

A FEW moments after the telegraph boy had rung the doorbell at 81, Colin Park Road, Hendon, N.W.9, I arrived myself to congratulate Mr. G. Westley on winning our 880th *Bullets* First Prize — a cheque for £1,933 and £4 every Saturday for life, or £3,500 cash.

Thanks to my speedy arrival, it was possible to secure the unique photograph which heads this page—the only one ever taken of the winner of a big First Prize in such dramatic circumstances.

In it you see the successful "Bulleteer" actually reading his Friday telegram from JOHN BULL whilst the messenger awaits a reply.

"Wait—wait a minute!" the winner faltered, hurrying into the hall. "Darling, it's come!" I heard him call up the stairs.

Dismissing the messenger with a handsome tip, the winner invited me into his cosy little home.

"I have prayed for this moment for the past eight years," he told me. And when he broke the news to his wife, you could see what this enormous success meant to them both.

He went on to explain that his full name is George Westley Pennell, which he shortens to "G. Westley" when entering for *Bullets*—the competition which has fascinated him for the last eight years.

I asked him how he came to make up that brilliant but homely effort which has secured him a fortune and a regular weekly income for life, HER LOVE—"UMBRELLA" MOTHER *Never* LOSES. "It was based on a living character," he said. "My own mother."

"I have not missed a single copy of *Bullets Bulletin* since it was first published," Mr. Pennell went on to tell me.

"In fact, I always read it twice over, in case I may have missed something. The competitor who does not read it and wring full value out of it would be a puzzle to me."

In a subsequent letter to JOHN BULL, Mr. Pennell recorded his decision to accept the £1,933 and £4 weekly pension, rather than the alternative of £3,500 at once. So as he is a man still on the sunny side of forty, this seventh *Bullets* Pensioner can look forward to receiving over £10,000 for his four telling words.

* * *

THIS week we are seeking another winner for a huge lump sum and regular payments for life. To somebody who enters for the huge one-week contest which awaits you on the opposite page, a telegram on March 24 will bring the splendid news from Long Acre, "You have won £1,000 and £20 every Easter for life."

Provided you enter by Saturday, March 11, that telegram may come to you.

OVER £600 CASH AND 20 RADIO SETS AWARDED

FIRST PRIZE, £400, COMPETITION No. 881

Mr. A. J. PETERSON, "Oakdene," Banstead Road, Belmont, Surrey.

Example:—FIGHTING SPIRIT
Bullet:—FORTUNATELY "MY DOVE'S" *Got*.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. F. H. ROMIA, 30, Pasley Street, Stoke, Devonport.
Example:—Round And Round
Bullet:—Her "World"—*He's* Drunk.

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. F. A. COLLYER, Officers' Mess, Salamanca Barracks, Aldershot.
Example:—All Over
Bullet:—Me, Colleagues—I'm Promoted.

10 PRIZES OF RADIO SET AND £5:

H. R. BEKEN, 10, Heathdene Road, Streatham.
Not Worth Worrying About—What Sensible Chap Drinks.

L. BENNETT, 14, Holly Hill Road, Erith, Kent.
Round And Round—Through "Boot"—Boots Through.
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

H. BROOKES, 31, Ingessley Road, Bollington, near Macclesfield.
Round And Round—Goes Goldfish—And Government.

J. I. CAMERON, 7, Columba Street, Greenock, N.B.
I'm A Taxpayer, So—"Pecker Up"—Against Grindstone!

J. T. GRIMSTONE, 52, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow.
Marvellous Age—Produced Heroes—Needs Them!

J. PARKER, 152, Church Street, Croydon.
Not Worth Worrying About—"Pinpricks," When "Winning Spurs."

P. RILEY, 13, Jermyn Street, Liverpool.
Basking In The Sunshine—Of History—England, Awake!

J. A. STEVENS, The Shelling, Kinlochleven, Argyll.
Not Worth Worrying About—His English—"Scotch" Good.

F. R. WARD, 125, Highfield Road South, Dartford, Kent.
The Neighbours—Critics "Reviewing *Last Night*."

D. WHITE, 444, London Road, Westcliff.
Genius—Lionised—Or Roared At.
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

10 PRIZES OF RADIO SET AND £2 10s.

Mrs. A. ALLEN, 34, Claremont Road, Surbiton.
Defying The Elements—Later, Ordered "Fresh Air."

F. ANNING, 82, Beacon Road, Chatham.
Fighting Spirit—First Snowdrop—Last Rose.
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

M. BEVAN, Rose Cottage, Newby, Scarborough.
I'm A Taxpayer, So—This Is Post-office Ink!
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

A. EMERY, 7, Falcon Street, Preston.
All Over—Pessimist's Face, All Over.

Mrs. M. E. GILLEARD, 269, Wallasey Village, Wallasey.
Growing Daily—Taxation—Shrinking. Its Source.
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

W. JONES, 27, Smyrna Street, Landore, Swansea.
The Neighbours—"Crow"—Then Borrow Egg!

S. H. LANSDOWN, 67, Clifton Road, Weston-super-Mare.
Wifey's A Duck, But—Forbid "Big Pond." Mollison!
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

R. MAINARD, 2, White Heart Avenue, Hillingdon, Middlesex.
Genius—Makes "Cold" Print "Glow."

C. W. MEANWELL, 195, Bath Road, Cheltenham.
Fighting Spirit—My Pints Give *Missus*.
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

G. THOMSON, Fire Station, Ardoyne, Belfast.
Something Like—Law's Arm—Lawyers' Fingers.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

A list of 25 £1, and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at these offices.

HUGE INCREASE IN "BULLETS" CASH

FOUR-FIGURE FORTUNE AND LIFE PENSION FOR A FEW WORDS!

£1,000 CASH AND £20 EVERY EASTER FOR LIFE

COMMENCING WITH A FIRST £20 EASTER CHEQUE ON EASTER THURSDAY, APRIL 13, 1933.

THIS WEEK ONLY • CLOSING SATURDAY MARCH 11

...OTHER PRIZES...
2nd PRIZE £100 £25 3rd PRIZE
10 at £5 • 10 at £1-10
25 at £1 • 500 at £6
2,000 RED-SEAL "TARGETS"
8,000 "TARGET" PRIZES

• WINNER'S TELEGRAM SENT FRIDAY MARCH 24 •

GIANT FIRST WITH EASTER PENSION!

SPRING is already in the Long Acre air! This week's First Prize has sprung up to astonishing size, for somebody's few words are going to win from JOHN BULL a fortune of £1,000 and an Easter Pension of £20 for life.

With the help of the instructions below you can soon be filling the coupons with neat *Bullets*—and one of them may bring you a thrilling First Prize telegram on Friday, March 24.

To make a *Bullet* you have only to add any TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to the chosen *Example*.

Suppose, for instance, you are working on the *Example* NURSE RAMSAY, by adding the words ANXIOUS—ASSISTANTS' "TEMPERATURE" RISING, you would complete a typical *Bullet*.

Before starting on your efforts, study the winning *Bullets* on the opposite page, noting particularly the simple words used. Then start making your own *Bullets*, and be sure that your entry is in by Saturday, March 11.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT	DEADLY
HURTLING TO DISASTER	THE DUNCE
SEEING THINGS	BEARING UP
SWEEPING THE HOUSE	BOTH SIDES
DRY OLD STICK	HURT
SLEEP OF THE JUST	AT WORK
HOUR OF TRIUMPH	GLUMLY
THE HOME TEAM	IN HER WAY
ANNOYING HUSBY	ON THEIR OWN
TURNED THE SCALES	SCIENCE
THE RIGHT GIRL	PAGE OF EUROPE
WHEN THE GAME'S UP	ON EDGE
COMING IN TIME	UPSET SONNY
JUDGING BY RESULTS	NURSE RAMSAY
MAD WITH RAGE	HIS EGGEY
GIVE HIM A JOB AND	HISTORY'S PAGES

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 885 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £1,023 chosen with Pension by the First Prize-winner in No. 880 will be displayed in the window of Mr. Selman, Colin Parade, Collindale, N.W.

USE THESE BIG NEW COUPONS!

THIS COUPON BRINGS FREE "BULLETS" HELP!

Hundreds of prize-winners owe their success entirely to the free weekly aid of *Bullets Bulletin*, a budget of hints and encouragement for would-be winners which can be yours by post every Thursday. Post off this coupon to-day!

I enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed '& Co.' payable to *John Bull*) to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of *Bullets Bulletin* commencing with next available issue.

Name_____

Address_____

Post to "Bullets" Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., 19, Short's Gardens, London, W.C. (*Do not enclos this coupon with "Bullets"*)

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(885) Closing SAT., Mar. 11 — P.O. No._____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. — Signed_____ Address_____

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(885) Closing SAT., Mar. 11 — P.O. No._____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. — Signed_____ Address_____

Jot down below the rough ideas which may lead to a big prize!

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(885) Closing SAT., Mar. 11 — P.O. No._____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. — Signed_____ Address_____

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(885) Closing SAT., Mar. 11 — P.O. No._____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. — Signed_____ Address_____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 885, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of Entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

GIANT NEW ONE-WEEK FIRST COMING FOR NEXT CONTEST £1,000 AND MILLIONAIRE'S EASTER WEEK-END IN LONDON FOR TWO...

NO SOAP SHAVEX NO BRUSH

REVOLUTION IN SHAVING

A FEW years ago "SHAVEX" was unknown, yet it is in every part of the world to-day. Millions are now using "SHAVEX." "SHAVEX" is the most modern and up-to-date method of shaving. What is more simple than wetting the beard with water, smearing a little "SHAVEX" lightly over the beard and then shaving? You will get the smoothest, cleanest and best shave you have ever had and your skin will feel like softest satin. No wrinkles will appear, as "SHAVEX" is a skin food. It will also take only a quarter of the time required with soap and brush.

The skin, after being shaved with soap and brush, often looks and feels sore, as the soap and brush have taken out all the natural oil and dried up the skin. "SHAVEX" gives the skin natural oils—all the creases smooth out with the use of "SHAVEX." Shavex is without doubt the most perfect method of shaving in the world. "SHAVEX" will give you the best shave you have ever had. Your face will keep young, as Shavex is a Skin Food.

All wrinkles disappear with Shavex, as there is no soda in Shavex to dry up the skin. Your skin will feel as smooth as satin, and you will shave in a quarter the time you would take with soap and brush. Travellers who when on a journey find themselves short of water can always get a perfect shave when carrying "SHAVEX" and look fresh. After being in sun and wind and the face is rough and sore and you have to shave, nothing is more soothing than a "SHAVEX" shave.

Never before has shaving been made so easy so rapid and so pleasant. No after lotions are required. Never before have men been given the true secret of youthful looks. "SHAVEX" is a Skin Food, Skin Tonic and Skin Preserver, preventing formations of wrinkles and lines, and keeping away the ravages of time.

SHAVEX®
is sold everywhere in
6d., 1/- & 1/6 Tubes & 1/6 Pots

WONDERFUL REDUCTION
SHAVEX SUPER BLADES
of all Chemists and Stores
ONE BLADE 3d. instead of 4d.
Packet of 5 Blades 1/3.

WONDERFUL OFFER

We want you to try SHAVEX under Ideal Conditions, and offer you for 6d. post free a SHAVEX OUTFIT, consisting of TEN DAYS' supply of SHAVEX, OUR NEW PATENT RAZOR, ONE SHAVEX Blade, the finest on the market. DON'T MISS THIS OFFER.

Write to-day to the
Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. R.11), 40, Blenheim Rd., Upper Holloway, London, N.19

BEAU BRUMMEL

Beau Brummel was a favourite at the Court of George the IVth while that fickle monarch held sway. He was one of the greatest dandies of the day. He lived to be admired. His debts were many. He was banished from the Court because he called George IV. fat and ugly. He had a complexion like a woman. He was known to exclaim: "You fellows shave with filthy soap while I shave and keep my skin free from wrinkles, with oils"—which we use in Shavex to-day. He left England and died in great poverty at Caen in France. Born 1778, died 1840.

SKIN DISEASES

ECZEMA.

"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."

VARICOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.

"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."

ABSCESSES.

Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.

ERYSIPELAS.

This alarming skin affection will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning. Its effect is marvellous.

Cured in a Night

WE HAVE A ROOM FULL OF TESTIMONIALS.

Many may promise a wonderful cure, but there is nothing like Zee-Kol. Beware of imitations.

Zee-Kol is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying the big London Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin trouble will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures in record time, Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hæmorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

ZEE-KOL

4 FREE GIFTS COUPON

For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Doge Face Cream are also desired, send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the **Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd., (Dept. Z.K. 18), 40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19.** Of all chemists: Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/3 or a large tin 3/-.

BURNS.

Zee-Kol takes all pain away and no blister will form.

BOILS, ETC.

Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol, and in two days they disappear.

PIMPLES & BLACKHEADS.

"I always had Blackheads and Pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."

LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, ETC.

Splendid for Stiff joints rubbed in gently by the fire, and for Rheumatism.

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

Beautiful and Talented Women's Evidence that it CREATES BEAUTY AND PRESERVES BEAUTY

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion. **Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils.**

This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb. and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

PALM OIL costs 4d. per lb.

ALMOND OIL costs 5/6 per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make, as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

Blended with the most exquisite perfumes. ALMOND OIL has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super-Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When washing the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful.

1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6d.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct from
SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., Ltd. (Dept. S.14), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, N.19.

It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND Oil Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

Marie Antoinette was the wife of Louis XVI. She was very extravagant; people were overtaxed to pay for her pleasures, which were many. Her amusements took many forms; her one cry was "I must be amused," while people in France cried for bread. France got tired of this continual extravagance and her admirers, which in the end brought her husband and herself to the guillotine. The lady standing at the side of Marie Antoinette was the first aristocrat to be guillotined. Marie Antoinette was known and admired for her glorious complexion. We have proof that the materials she used are in Zee-Kol Soap to-day. Marie Antoinette was born 1755. She married Louis XVI. when she was only 14.

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